

H. Sept.


DENMARK DELINEATED;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF THAT COUNTRY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

PORTRAITS, VIEWS, AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS,

FROM

Drawings

BY EMINENT DANISH ARTISTS.

"I am a friend to my country and my country's friends."

IVANHOE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

PART II.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

EDINBURGH:

HALDWIN, CRADOCK, & JOY, LONDON;
W. & D. LAING, OLIVER & BOYD, AND D. LIZARS, EDINBURGH;
J. P. HAMMERICH, ALTONA;
AND C. A. REITZEL, COPENHAGEN.

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Feldborg.

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PART II.

NORTH OF ZEALAND.

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DENMARK DELINEATED

VEGETARIUS

DENMARK DELINEATED

PART II

At Frederiksborg the river should cross the ditch
of Roskilde to a newly created island. Here stands
an old wood now called Vindeskov, from having been a
favourite place of resort to King Christian the Fifth,
who was passing every day to hold service.

A road supposed to be a thousand years old, will at
last reach the temple of the gods. The trunk of
this ancient tree is about six feet in height, and
at its base is a circumference. Although it is nearly
erected, the tree still shows a hundred feet, and
the branches, which extend all round to a distance
of two rods, are of the size of considerable trees. It is
permitted to travellers to come round round in its cavity,
and to sit down on the top of another tree. This the

DENMARK DELINEATED.

JÆGERSPRIIS.

AT Frederiksværk the traveller should cross the Frith of Roeskilde, to a finely wooded isthmus. Here stands an old royal seat called Jægerspriis, from having been a favourite place of resort of King Christian the Fifth, who was passionately fond of field-sports.

An oak, supposed to be a thousand years old, will of itself reward the trouble of the visit. The trunk of this memorable tree is about six yards in height, and sixteen yards in circumference. Although it is nearly excavated, the oak still displays a luxuriant top, and the branches, which extend all round to a distance of ten yards, are of the size of considerable trees. Four peasants on horseback once found room in its cavity, and eighteen men on foot at another time. This phe-

nomenon stands in a moist and mouldy soil, surrounded by magnificent beeches and oaks, which afford good shelter to the sire of the forest.

In the gardens of Jægerspriis, a beech-tree also forms a very curious object. Its branches have been bent backwards to the ground, and fastened to circular trellises, thus producing a beautiful arbour, impenetrable to rain and heat. The beech is said once to have accommodated a king and eighty courtiers at dinner.

In former times, when the Kings of Denmark devoted a great portion of their time to field-sports, the adjacent Palace was frequently the seat of royal revelry. When it came into the possession of the late Prince Frederick of Denmark, the natural beauties of Jægerspriis were associated with a purpose of high moral interest. The Prince caused monuments of Norwegian marble, from designs by Wiedewelt, to be erected in honour of Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteiners, who were considered as benefactors and ornaments to their country.

The grove of Jægerspriis forms an impressive and affecting epitome of Danish history. The principle which seems to have been acted upon in the admission of Danish Worthies to this sylvan Temple of Fame, is not however free from objections. If justice has in some cases been done to characters, who in their life-

time met with an ungrateful return for their services and sufferings in the public cause, undue honours have been paid to others, who had evidently been influenced by views of self-aggrandisement only, and who had, to adopt the beautiful and emphatic language of Professor Nyerup, “found the path of worldly distinction, but missed the road to immortality.”

In the latter view of the subject, the mouldering condition of the monuments of Jægerspriis cannot excite much regret: and the true Worthies of Denmark have raised more durable monuments to themselves. Yet, for the honour of the Prince and the artist, whose names are more immediately connected with this delightful grove, some little attention should be paid to the preservation of those monuments, to which the uncorrupted voice of history has attached a superior degree of interest.

It was painful to observe the dilapidated state of the monument of Luther, who, though not a Dane, has most properly received this tribute of gratitude from a country to which he has proved so great a benefactor. The design of the monument is very happily conceived.*

* It is in the form of an obelisk, surmounted by a gilded star, and resting on a pedestal shaped like a rock. The body of the

In the vicinity of Luther's monument, is that of one of his worthiest and most zealous followers, Hans Egede, the first missionary to Greenland, who went thither in the year 1721. The name of his wife, Gertrude Rasch, is, with great propriety, also inscribed on the pillar. When her husband had embarked in the work of converting the Greenlanders to Christianity, she manifested a degree of Christian heroism worthy of the extraordinary man whose fate she shared. Below their names, the map of Greenland is traced on the stone, at the sight of which the following well-merited eulogium on the Danish Missionaries recurred to my mind :—

“ When the map of the world is spread before the Scandinavian, he may point, with an honest and na-

obelisk simply contains the name of the great Reformer, “ MARTIN LUTHER.” Above the name, the following scripture text is cut in the stone : Dan. XII Chap., 3d verse ; and on the pedestal, that of Matth. XVI Chap., 18th verse. The words are not given ; but they are as follow :—

“ And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever.”

“ And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

tional pride, to the dreary shores of Greenland. Uninfluenced by the slightest prospect of temporal advantage, the Danish Missionaries abandon all the comforts of social life—nay, the blessed light of the sun itself; but, supported by firm yet temperate zeal, their labours become a calling of gladness, and their task of righteousness fills them, amidst their hardships, with happiness and content.”*

It may be safely affirmed, that Hans Egede has left behind him one of the finest examples on record, of decision of character. He was animated by a spirit that was not to be daunted either by opposition or by desertion. He himself contributed largely to a subscription raised by private individuals in Denmark and Norway, for the purposes of his pious and benevolent undertaking. In soliciting assistance from the Government, he had to struggle with great difficulties, which were, however, eventually overcome; thanks to the enlightened liberality of King Frederick the Fourth, who distinguished himself likewise, by being the first Protestant Prince that sent Missionaries to India. On the

* Quarterly Review, Vol. XVIII., January 1818, Art. Brudstykker af en Dagbog holden i Grönland i Aarene, 1770–78, af Hans Egede Saabye, fordum ordineret Missionær i Claushavns og Christianshaab's Distrikter nu Sognepræst til Udbye i Fyens Stift. Odense 1817.

death of that truly pious and humane King, all Egede's prospects were, however, suddenly overcast. King Christian the Sixth, who by the way enforced the outward observances of religion with a fanatic rigour, which had not been witnessed before in Denmark, nor has been since, immediately on his accession to the throne, issued orders, that the establishment for converting the Greenlanders to Christianity should be broken up. The sum of a couple of thousand dollars annually expended in promoting the glory of the King of kings, was deemed too heavy a charge, at the very moment when the Danish Monarch had it in contemplation to exalt his own glory, by building the Palace of Christiansborg, which cost Denmark about two millions of dollars. Egede was at the same time informed, that he might remain in Greenland if he chose, in which case provisions for one year would be allowed him. He did not hesitate whether he should abandon a work, to which he had devoted ten years of his life, amidst extraordinary hardships, dangers, and privations, but instantly determined to remain. He drew strength and comfort from an approving conscience, and felt devoutly confident that his Creator was auspicious to him, whatever might be his lot, as far as it depended on the resolves of his earthly masters and patrons. In the following year he was, however, agreeably surprised by the arrival of succours, and promises of further support from the Court of Denmark, where some Moravians, who felt desirous of

preaching the Gospel in Greenland, had succeeded in persuading some of their countrymen, high in office, to countenance Egede's undertaking. He in consequence remained five years more in Greenland, and then returned to Denmark, where he continued to display unabated zeal for the conversion of the Greenlanders, by publishing works, training up missionaries, and otherwise exerting his talents in the sacred cause.

It adds much to the merits of an individual, who possessed so great humanity and principle, that he would not accept any rewards from those who had abandoned him to the chance of extreme suffering, and again espoused his cause, when the representations of the zealous and active Moravians suggested the expediency of making a virtue of necessity. Egede's disinterestedness proved equal to the other generous virtues which he had displayed, for he even refused the emoluments of a Bishoprick, barely accepting the title of Superintendent (the German designation of a Bishop), which was in a manner forced upon him by a royal mandate.*

A plain square and rather short pillar, surmounted

* Biographical Memoirs of Meritorious Men, in whose honour monuments have been erected at Jægerspriis, by Peter Topp Wandall, Copenhagen, 1783, Vol. II., Part I., page 241.

by a globe, will excite an intense degree of interest, not unmixed with emotions of a painful kind. It is inscribed to Tycho Brahe, from whose labours Denmark derives so much of her scientific renown, while his unhappy fate furnishes matter for one of the darkest pages of her history. His system of astronomy was erroneous, it is true, nor was he altogether exempt from childish superstition ; but his merits as an astronomer are very considerable. He discovered many stars, and defined the position of others with great exactness, at the same time that he invented many ingenious instruments, which proved highly useful.

For a time Tycho Brahe drew the attention of the world to his country,—he enjoyed, in the highest degree, the esteem of his countrymen ; and his scientific labours were munificently encouraged by King Frederick the Second, whom historians agree in considering as the most distinguished patron of learning Denmark has possessed in the Oldenburgh line of her kings. But, on that King's death, a minority ensued, during which, some of the members of the Regency, who from various most unworthy motives happened to be Tycho's enemies, not only found means to deprive him of the advantages he had enjoyed during the late reign, for the benefit of his science ; but their cabals were accompanied by acts of personal violence. In consequence, he felt himself obliged to leave his native

land, and retired to Austria, where he received from the Emperor Rudolphus such encouragement and support, as prompted him to declare, in the fervour of a grateful heart, that “*He would employ his faculties and time in such a manner, that all the heavens should plead in the Emperor’s behalf, and that posterity should be taught to appreciate the refuge afforded to the queen of sciences, by the great and beneficent Emperor Rudolphus.*”

Tycho Brahe continued to enjoy the Emperor’s favour till his death, which took place at Prague on the 24th of October 1601, in the 55th year of his age.

“All honest men,” says his Danish biographer,* “and all lovers of science, deplored the death of this great man. The Emperor, who knew well what a treasure he had lost, not only, as a mark of respect, gave him a magnificent funeral, but he testified his sense of Tycho Brahe’s great merits still more, by continuing his favour to the astronomer’s relations. The cenotaph of Tycho is still to be seen in the Thein Church at Prague;—his memory will be imperishable, as long as there are stars in the heavens, and men in the world to observe them.”

* Wandall’s Biographical Memoirs, Vol. I. page 445.

Tycho Brahe did not, however, prove a solitary victim to the injustice and insolence of the aristocratic faction which domineered in Denmark during the minority of Christian the Fourth. One of her most gallant naval defenders was consigned to a still more revolting and deplorable doom, and chiefly through the instrumentality of Tycho Brahe's most inveterate enemy, Christopher Walkendorff, whose conduct certainly was unworthy of a responsible member of a regency in a civilized country.

Magnus Heinesen, a native of the Færøe Isles, was a renowned seaman in his day, as a distinguished navigator of our own age observes.* He entered the Dutch service, and gained great reputation for the courage and skill which he displayed in the capture of pirates. When the fame of his exploits reached his native country, King Frederick the Second instantly selected him as a proper person to repress the outrages which French, English, and Irish pirates were in the constant practice of committing upon the coasts of Norway, Iceland, and the Færøe Isles. Heinesen executed his task to the satisfaction of his monarch, who not only rewarded his eminent services, but,

* Scoresby's Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale-fishery, Introduction, page 35.

according to Mr. Wandall *, “ protected him against those enemies and slanderers, by whom men, who by their merits engage the favour of kings, are almost always beset.”

On the death of Frederick the Second, Heinesen, like Tycho Brahe, found it necessary to seek subsistence abroad. His well-earned renown soon procured him employment with the Duke of Parma, the Spanish regent of the Netherlands, who gave him a commission to cruize against the ships of England, which was then at war with Spain. Having captured an English vessel, Heinesen carried it to Bergen, where he sold the ship and cargo. Queen Elizabeth of England sent a complaint to Denmark, accusing Heinesen of having committed an act of piracy, whereupon Christopher Walkendorff, without the consent of the other members of the Regency, and perhaps instigated by Heinesen's enemies, ordered him, after a very summary trial, to be beheaded, which was carried into execution on the 8th of February 1589. Even in his last moments, Magnus Heinesen gave proof of his dauntless courage ; for when the executioner asked if he should not, according to custom, cover his eyes with a handkerchief, Heinesen replied, “ No ! I have seen many a drawn sword—I am not afraid—be not thou afraid.”

* Biographical Memoirs, Vol. I. page 417.

In the following year Heinesen's innocence was established, by Hans Lindenov, Judge of a district in Jutland, who summoned Walkendorff before the assembly of the estates, which was then held at Colding. It was proved in evidence that Heinesen had borne the Duke of Parma's commission against the English, and that the vessel sold in Bergen had been previously condemned at Ostend, as a good and lawful prize, to Magnus Heinesen. The assembly of the estates thereupon gave judgment, that Heinesen's body should be disinterred, and afterwards be buried with decent ceremonies; that the sentence of condemnation passed against him should be expunged from the register of the Town Hall of Copenhagen, and in no manner prejudice Heinesen in his grave, or his relict widow, Sophia Gyntelberg, or their common children, in regard to their good name and fame. Walkendorff was also sentenced to pay the widow and the children a large sum of money, besides a considerable amount to Lindenov, who carried on the suit. Heinesen's body was accordingly dug up, and, attended by a numerous procession, carried on board of a vessel which was to convey it to Jutland, where it is deposited in Örsle church, near Viborg.

In describing the monuments at Jægerspriis, a natural train of thought leads me from Magnus Heinesen's monument, to that of Peter Griffenfeld, the greatest statesman Denmark has to boast of. His story bears

no inconsiderable resemblance to that of Lord Bacon. At a very early period of life, he not only displayed a singular precocity of talent, which gained him the favour of his Sovereign, and afterwards rose, by his abilities, to the highest dignities and offices in the State ; but, like the great English Statesman and Philosopher, he as suddenly fell into an abyss of misery and degradation, from which death only could rescue him.

This eminent man was of humble origin, being the son of a wine merchant of the name of Schumacher. In the year 1634, at the tender age of nine years, he attracted the notice of his learned countrymen, and more particularly that of Bishop Brochmand, when, on occasion of the creation of a Doctor of Divinity in the University of Copenhagen, young Schumacher was selected to pronounce the *theses* which were to be discussed, and spoke on the subject in the most elegant Latin. Some time afterwards the Bishop took him into his house, where his genius and acquirements excited the surprise of King Frederick the Third, when he happened once to sup with the Bishop. The King had commanded him to read and explain certain passages in the Old Testament ; and young Schumacher being, like his fosterfather the Bishop, an excellent Hebrew scholar, acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his Majesty, that the King granted him a travelling stipend of 300 dollars annually for six years.

Schumacher remained abroad for ten years, and during his travels passed some time at Oxford, where he prosecuted his studies in divinity, and in classical and oriental literature, with great assiduity. He must have left with the Oxonians a favourable impression of his talents and acquirements, since his portrait was deemed worthy of a place in the Bodleyan gallery, where it may still be seen. On his return to Denmark, possessing, as he did, the favour of the King, he rose rapidly from lower to higher offices, and in his 46th year was raised to the honours of nobility, by the title of Count Griffenfeld, receiving at the same time the second order of knighthood in the country, that of the *Danebrog*, together with the estate of Tönsberg in Norway. In the year 1673 he was advanced to the office of Lord Chancellor, in preference to all the other Privy Counsellors. He was also appointed Chancellor of the University of Copenhagen, and at the same time created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. But how soon was the tide of fortune to fail him ! Within two short years he was hurled down from the summit of earthly grandeur and prosperity, from whence, according to a celebrated Danish author *, he had taken clearer views,

* Historical Calendar for 1817, by the Right Reverend Doctor Jens Möller, Professor of Divinity in the University of Copenhagen, page 267.

not only of the interests of the twin kingdoms of Denmark and Norway, but of all Europe, than any Danish minister before or since his time.

He was accused of extortion, simony, perjury, and high treason; and, on trial, sentenced to forfeit his estates, titles, and life. When conducted to the place of execution, he prepared for his awful fate with a degree of pious resignation and fortitude, which excited universal sympathy. Just as the last part of his sentence, however, was on the point of being carried into effect, the Adjutant-General announced his pardon, on condition of being imprisoned for life in the fortress of Munkholm, near Drontheim.

A fairer exercise of mercy could never have occurred. Griffenfeld had rendered the most important services to his country and King, or rather Kings. Frederick the Third was mainly indebted to him for the consolidation of his absolute power; and the noblest monument of the reign of Christian the Fifth was raised by Griffenfeld, when he drew up the code of laws, on which Lord Molesworth, in his account of Denmark, bestows such unqualified encomiums. But in rendering those services to his King and country, he necessarily incurred the implacable hatred of the great body of the nobility, who soon contrived to regain, behind the throne, the influence which they could no

longer exert in public. On this subject Lord Molesworth, who resided about that period at the Court of Denmark, throws considerable light; but I will not plead the authority of that writer, when I am able to cite a countryman so distinguished for extent of information, soundness of judgment, and independence of sentiment, as Professor Jens Möller. "It was not," he observes, "until the downfall of Griffenfeld had been effected, and *illiterate* ministers had taken possession of his place, that the national education, especially that of the nobility, as well as the administration of public affairs, took a wrong turn, because no respect was paid to intellectual acquirements. It was then that French frivolities and French fashions obtained the ascendancy, which classical studies and profound knowledge had ever since the Reformation exclusively possessed at Court, at the public boards, in the University, and among the people at large."*

The Court of Christian the Fifth, owing to the superintending care of the *Grand Monarque*, was literally overrun with creatures of intrigue, form, and precedent, who would only suffer men to serve the country according to their pedigrees,—contemners of merit and personal acquirements, and scoffers at the divinity of talents.

* Historical Calendar for 1817, page 261.

Now, to such personages Griffenfeld, from the tenor of his public life, must have been peculiarly obnoxious; and the more so, as he had so materially interfered with their usurped privileges. It is not, therefore, uncharitable to infer, that they were not over-scrupulous in choosing the means for gratifying their resentment.

Griffenfeld remained imprisoned for two and twenty years, when he was in a manner liberated, by being allowed to take up his residence in the city of Drontheim, where he died shortly afterwards, carrying with him the consolation of having uniformly felt a deep sense of religion in prosperity, as well as in adversity. This well authenticated fact, Professor Möller justly remarks, is sufficient to overthrow a whole host of the calumnious accusations brought against him by his maligners. In additional corroboration of his innocence, the monument at Jægerspriis displays below his name the letter A, typically expressing that he is *absolutus*—acquitted.

Having paid this humble tribute to the illustrious individual who, during the reign of “the last *learned* King of Denmark,”* exerted so beneficial an influence on the interests of science and literature, it will be

* Hist. Cal. for 1817, page 261.

proper to notice the monuments of some men of science who flourished at that time, and whose fame is not confined to their own country. Among these the Bartholins claim pre-eminent notice. No family has produced so many distinguished men of science and learning. Professor Nyerup, in his Dictionary of Danish Authors, enumerates no less than fourteen, of whom Caspar, and his sons Thomas, Erasmus, and Caspar Thomesen, are the most eminent. Thomas, who was deeply skilled in various sciences, made several discoveries with respect to the lacteal veins and lymphatic vessels, and composed about an hundred works on different subjects. His brother Erasmus is well known to the scientific world for his discovery of double refraction.*

* “ Among the discoveries of this period (1669), there is none more curious in itself, or more important in its consequences, than that of double refraction, which was made by Erasmus Bartholinus. Having obtained, from some Danish merchants who frequented Iceland, a “ crystal stone, like a rhombick prism, which when broken into small pieces kept the same figure,” and afterwards, from its locality, called *Iceland Crystal*, he made many optical and chemical experiments with it, and discovered that it possessed the remarkable property of a double refraction. He found that one of these refractions, whose index was 1.667, was performed according to the law of Snellius, which is common to all transparent solids and fluids; while the other is performed according to an *extraordinary law*, which had not previously been

Among the distinguished men of science of that period, Olaus Roemer also claims a place. He accompanied the French mathematician Picard to France, where he resided for the space of ten years, and gained so great reputation for his knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, and mechanics, that he was appointed teacher of mathematics to the Dauphin, and had a share in planning the fountains at Versailles. He was recalled to his own country, and appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Copenhagen. He is now chiefly celebrated for his discovery of the successive propagation of light.*

observed by philosophers. An account of these experiments our author published at Copenhagen, in the year 1669, under the title of ‘*Experimenta Crystalli Islandici Dis-diaclastici quibus mira et insolita refractio detegitur* ;’ and he afterwards communicated an account of them to the Royal Society, in a letter to Dr. Oldenburg, which appeared in No. 67 of the *Philosophical Transactions*.” — *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, conducted by Dr. Brewster, Vol. IX., Part II., page 472.

* “One of the greatest optical and astronomical discoveries of the 17th century, was that of the successive propagation of light, and the velocity with which it moves in absolute space. This interesting truth, which was one of the best results of the invention of the telescope, was obtained by the Danish astronomer, Olaus Roemer. Galileo, and after him the Academy del Cimento, had in vain attempted to measure the speed of this fleet element.

Denmark being, from her natural situation, as well as in a political point of view, substantially a maritime country, it may be expected that her naval worthies should have received due honours in the grove of Jægerspriis. It would, however, far exceed the limits prescribed to these notices, were I to expatiate on the merits of a class of men, whose deeds awaken proud recollections of my country's better days, and whose glorious examples will animate their countrymen as long as the ocean shall lave her shores. I will only select the story of one individual, in whose life and exploits all the qualities will be found combined that adorn and dignify the character of a true seaman.

Peter Vessel, born at Drontheim in the year 1691,

While examining some singular irregularities in the emersion of the first satellite of Jupiter, on the 9th November 1676, Casini and Roemer concluded that it depended on the distance of Jupiter from the earth, and that it was necessary, for its explanation, to suppose that the light of the satellite spent about ten or eleven minutes in crossing the orbit of the earth. Cassini, however, who seems to have first started this hypothetical opinion, speedily abandoned it; but the notion was keenly maintained by Roemer, who finally succeeded in demonstrating, to the satisfaction of all philosophers, that light moved through the diameter of the earth's orbit, or about 190 millions of miles, in eleven minutes."—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Vol. XV. Part XI. page 475.

from being a tailor's apprentice in the fourteenth year of his age, rose by his merits, and by his merits alone, to the rank of Vice-Admiral before he was twenty-eight years old, having been previously raised to the honours of nobility by the name of Tordenskiold, which signifies in English *Thunder-shield*. A more appropriate name could not possibly have been bestowed upon him, for he might truly be said to be thunder to the enemy's country, and a shield to his own.

Like the British Admiral to whose titles the word thunder formed so conspicuous an addition,* Vessel acquired the elements of his profession in the merchant service. He made two voyages to the East and West Indies in the capacity of a common sailor, distinguishing himself, by his courage and skill in all emergencies, so as to gain the approbation of his superiors, on whose recommendation he was made a king's midshipman in the eighteenth year of his age. On his return, in 1710, from another voyage to the East Indies, the ship put into Bergen in Norway, on the receipt of the information that war had broken out between Denmark and Sweden. An opportunity like this was not lost on the aspiring mind of Vessel. He hastened over land to the capital, and presented himself before the commander-in-chief, General Baron Lövendahl, whose favour he

* Duke of Bronte.

soon gained, by the spirited proposals he made for annoying the Swedes. He was in consequence appointed to the command of a small vessel carrying four guns, and conducted himself so gallantly, that he was, in the following year, ordered to Denmark, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

He continued to give such rapid proofs of spirit of enterprise, courage in action, and firmness in danger, that he gained as rapid promotion, and his popularity became so great, that the Danish sailors turned an exclamation of his into a proverb,—“*Holla ! this is fine fun ! says Vessel,*” they would cry, when the masts went by the board, or some other disaster or danger called for extraordinary exertion.

The fame of his character and exploits naturally produced pleasing impressions on King Frederick the Fourth, who, with his usual discernment, and in his honest zeal for the encouragement of rising merit, granted a roving commission to Vessel, ordering him, at the same time, to transmit to him copies of the dispatches he might address to the Admiralty. This mark of confidence in so young an officer, on the part of the King, led, however, to the unpleasant consequence of increasing the number of his enemies at Court. But he thought only of serving his country, and thus disdained to know any other mode of obtaining

his Monarch's favour. In this particular, too, a similar genius appears to have watched over the fortunes of Nelson and Vessel. Nelson desired no other patron than his king and country. On an occasion when he conceived that justice had not been done to his efforts by his superior officer, he comforted himself by anticipating a *gazette extraordinary* of his own. In like manner, Vessel repelled the machinations of his enemies by furnishing fresh matter for their envy. His king and country had scarcely awarded the tribute of their admiration and gratitude to one exploit, before they were called upon to reward another.

The life of a man so full of resources as Vessel, must naturally abound with interesting traits of character.

Of his adventurous intrepidity, the following may serve as an example :—He once went on shore in Sweden, with a small party, to obtain intelligence ; but before he had gone far into the country, he was surprised by some Swedish dragoons. His men took to their heels, and he was himself, for once, compelled to turn his back on his foes. He was, however, overtaken before he could reach the beach, by one of the dragoons, who, placing himself between Vessel and the water, called upon him to surrender. Vessel held forth his sword, as in token of surrender, when a Swedish dragoon rode forward to take it ; but he cut the dragoon over the

hand, and leaping between two other dragoons, threw himself into the sea, exclaiming, "*You will not catch me this time !*" He placed his sword in his mouth, and, being an excellent swimmer, soon reached his boat in safety.

Not long after this adventure, he fought a desperate action with a vessel which had been purchased in England on account of Sweden, and was on her way to that country, under the command of an English captain. Vessel's ship carried eighteen guns, his antagonist's twenty-eight, but she was pierced for a greater number. The action was fought off the Naze of Norway, and lasted altogether for about thirteen hours. The Swedes were twice on the point of striking their colours, and were only prevented by the gallant Englishman who commanded them. But just as Vessel had the best hopes of capturing the enemy's ship, his gunner came to announce that there were only four rounds on board. The Danish commander was in consequence reluctantly obliged to suffer the enemy to escape. But before they parted, Vessel sent a trumpeter on board of the Swedish ship, to testify his esteem for her valiant commander. Both captains thereupon spoke together, drank each other's health, and parted with expressions of mutual regard and admiration. Vessel had seven men killed, and twenty-one wounded.

His domestic enemies, who were much more on the alert than his foreign ones, no sooner heard the account of the action just described, than they took occasion to paint him, in the darkest colours, as a wild hotbrained fellow, whose career ought to be checked. They succeeded in effecting his recal from the Norwegian station, for the purpose of his being tried by a court-martial; but, as may be supposed, Vessel no sooner replied to the charges brought against him, than he was honourably acquitted. The King, with equal taste and feeling, knowing the quarter whence Vessel had been annoyed, ordered him to come to court, where his Majesty, in the presence of a large assembly of Poloniuses, Rosenkrantzes, Guildensterns, and Osricks, expressed to him the high sense he entertained of his spirited and zealous conduct; and, in further token of his royal approbation, promoted Vessel on the spot to the rank of post-captain.

Vessel's little ship, the Lövendahl's galley, being now no longer suitable to his rank, he took an early opportunity of supplying himself with a more proper vessel, which he did by capturing his Swedish Majesty's ship the White Eagle, of thirty guns, in the battle fought between the Danish Rear-Admiral Gabel, and the Swedish Rear-Admiral Count Wachtmeister. In this action Vessel was besides chiefly instrumental in preserving four of the enemy's ships, which had run aground, and would have shared the fate of the Swedish

Admiral's own ship, which had been rendered useless to the Danes. But they were saved by the promptitude of Vessel, who went on board to the Swedish Admiral, and declared, in Admiral Gabel's name, that not a Swede would receive quarter if the Count destroyed the ships. For his services on this occasion, Vessel was appointed to the White Eagle.

In this ship Vessel made several captures, and hazarded some actions with ships of far superior force, although he could not expect to capture them; but he would find a pleasure in seeing them run away. On one of these occasions he violated positive orders, which forbade him to attack a superior force, and for once in his life incurred the displeasure of his admiral, which was however speedily assuaged, by fresh instances of Vessel's zeal, skill, and success.

He was charged with the blockade of Stralsund, then besieged by Danish, Saxon, and Brandenburg troops. Here he had an opportunity of capturing a vessel with important dispatches, and some other valuable prizes, besides otherwise bearing a distinguished part in the reduction of the town. In consideration of these and his numerous former services, the King was pleased, on the 24th of February 1716, to raise him to the honours of nobility, by the name of Tordenskiold.

He had not expected, still less asked for such a favour; but when it was conferred, he could not but feel excessive joy. It made him so far forget persons and places, that in returning thanks, and kissing the King's hand, he swore that he should deafen the ears of the enemy with the thunder of his cannon, wherever he met him, in such a manner as should force him to acknowledge, that his King had not given him his new name in vain. Nelson, too, was very fond of his title of Duke of Thunder.*

Tordenskiold soon proved that he was as good as his word. Charles the Twelfth having invaded Norway, the most imminent danger threatened that kingdom, and the border fortress of Frederikshald, which had not provisions for four weeks, was already blockaded by the Swedes. The Swedish King only delayed his operations until the arrival of a fleet of artillery prames, gallies, and transports, carrying military stores, which had left Gottenburgh, and by keeping within the rocks along the coast, succeeded in reaching the port of Dynekil, whence, from its vicinity to Norway, Charles

* Mr. Southey, in his Life of Nelson, Vol. II. page 68, says, "The signification, perhaps, pleased him. Duke of Thunder was what in Dahomy would be called a *strong name*; it was to a sailor's taste; and certainly to no man could it ever be more applicable."

could conveniently draw the necessary supplies. Tordenskiold happened to be at Copenhagen when the above intelligence arrived. With the celerity of lightning his intuitive mind suggested the proper remedy for the deliverance of his native land: his plan was approved of, and he himself charged with the execution. Admiral Gabel, who commanded on the Norwegian station, had in the mean time required some proper vessels to watch the movements of the Swedish fleet, which could not be done by heavy ships. Tordenskiold was therefore instantly dispatched with two frigates, two artillery prames, and three gallies, with orders to blockade the port of Dynekil; and in the meantime to send one or both the frigates to Admiral Gabel, from whom he was to receive further orders.

Tordenskiold, like Nelson, had a peculiar failing in not always waiting for or even obeying orders from head-quarters, not so much perhaps because, according to Lord Molesworth's assertion, there was a scarcity of good heads* in that quarter, but because his judgment suggested, that his superiors, if placed in similar circumstances, possessing the same intelligence as he did, and being animated with the same zeal for their country's good, would act exactly as he did.

* Account of Denmark, page 152.

Accordingly, having heard from some Swedish fishermen, that the officers of the enemy's fleet were to go on shore in the evening, some to attend a wedding, and others to be present at an entertainment given by their Rear-Admiral Strömstierna, he conceived the idea of heightening the brilliancy of the illumination * which would take place in the evening in the town of Dynekil. The wind being besides quite fair, Tordenskiold felt an additional motive for gathering the laurels which tempted his acceptance.

He hailed the other frigate, which was commanded by Captain Grip, an able and gallant officer, who instantly agreed to assist in spoiling the merry-making of the Swedes. The Danish little fleet then bore up for Dynekil, which was situated some miles up the country, well protected by nature and art. But neither the difficulties of the navigation, nor the firing of the troops who lined both shores, nor a fortress at the mouth of the harbour, could oppose Tordenskiold's advance. He did his business so effectually, that out of forty-four vessels he captured thirty, which he carried off: the rest were sunk or burnt by the Swedes

* In the North of Europe, the friends of a new-married couple illuminate their houses, as a mark of respect and gratulation.

themselves. And on the following day, when Charles received the disastrous intelligence, he withdrew his army in the greatest haste from Norway, having occasion for it in defending his own country.

Tordenskiold himself carried the glorious news to his King, who immediately promoted him to the rank of Commodore, and presented him with a gold medal, to be worn in a blue ribband, besides conferring other marks of royal favour. He was soon afterwards appointed Commander-in-chief in the North Sea.

In attempting to form an estimate of the character of this wonderful person, it is pleasing to reflect, that he never suffered the man to sink in the hero. He had frequent occasions to make descents on the coasts of Sweden ; but his patriotic antipathies as a Norwegian, and his resentments as a loyal subject of the King of Denmark, never betrayed him into aggressions on the unarmed inhabitants of the enemy's country. He inspired them with terror only, never with horror. The women of Sweden were, indeed, in the practice of frightening their children, when naughty, into silence, by merely mentioning his name ; but when he entered their cottages, they applied to him what the English sailors observed of Nelson : "*Our Nel is as brave as a lion, but as gentle as a lamb.*"

Tordenskiold's magnanimity was not inferior to his humanity. He no longer regarded his bitterest personal enemy as a foe, when he acquitted himself as a friend to his country, as the following instance will prove :—He had reason to be highly displeased with Captain Vosbein, who commanded a frigate. This officer had not only been repeatedly guilty of breaches of duty, accompanied by marks of disrespect to Tordenskiold, but he had even given cause for suspecting his courage. Tordenskiold, in consequence, sent complaints to the Admiralty, and at the same time dispatched an order for the captain's arrest. But before it could be executed, Captain Vosbein had the good fortune to fall in with a Swedish vessel, of far superior force, which he most gallantly engaged, and, after a desperate conflict, succeeded in capturing. Tordenskiold was so much struck with Captain Vosbein's exploit, that he instantly forgot all his offences, and not only addressed a congratulatory letter to him, full of the warmest expressions of friendship and regard, but recommended the captain so strongly to the Admiralty and to the King, that he was promoted to the rank of Commodore-Captain.

Shortly afterwards, Tordenskiold had occasion for a display of magnanimity on the part of others; but it was withheld until he had exacted the justice that was due to the purity of his intentions, and the wisdom of his plans, as far as human exertion could secure suc-

cess. He had been unfortunate in an attack on the Swedish town of Strömstad, where Charles the Twelfth projected a military station for the annoyance of Norway. On this occasion Tordenskiold was wounded for the first time in his life; and, it may be imagined, more poignantly in his mind than in his body. But no regard was paid to this by his old friends at court, who raised such a clamour, that they succeeded in having the chief command in the North Sea transferred to an officer, under whom Tordenskiold was to hold his command. This pointed insult was, however, speedily redressed, by Tordenskiold's being ordered to the Baltic station.

His old vessel, the Lövendahl's galley, was ordered to carry him thither; but, lest the king's service should suffer any inconvenience, he preferred going in a small Swedish prize of his own, carrying two three-pounders, and a crew of nineteen hands. On the passage he fell in with a Swedish sloop of war, carrying sixteen guns and sixty men. The thought of surrendering never entered Tordenskiold's mind; but in the present case resistance appeared utterly hopeless. He prepared, nevertheless, instantly for action, pointed both his guns against the enemy, and ordered two men to load his rifles as fast as he discharged them.

The first broadside from the Swedish sloop killed and wounded several of the Danes; and the kind of

resistance which they offered appeared so trifling, that the Swedes called out to them to surrender. - In reply, Tordenskiold told them with whom they were fighting.

The Swedish captain hearing this, and confidently anticipating an easy triumph, waved his hat, exclaiming, " I am happy that it falls to my lot to carry Mr. Tordenskiold to Gottenburgh." " Neither you, nor any other Swede, shall carry me to Gottenburgh," replied Tordenskiold, discharging his rifle at the Swedish captain. He fell; and his death created such confusion on board, that Tordenskiold had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy's vessel sheer off.

Tordenskiold pursued his voyage; but his sloop had the misfortune, in the night, to strike on the Swine Bottoms, some dangerous rocks on the Swedish coast, near the Sound. It was found impossible to get the sloop off, her bottom being knocked to pieces. Tordenskiold was in consequence obliged to effect his escape. With three sailors he set off in the boat, which had been so much injured during the action, that the men had to bale her constantly; and Tordenskiold reached the shores of Zealand at the most imminent hazard of his life.

The sloop was taken by the Swedes, but not without a resistance worthy of Tordenskiold himself. In-

deed the Swedes maintained, that Tordenskiold's steward, whose name was Harz, and who had been most conspicuous in the fight, must be Tordenskiold himself. He was accordingly sent to Charles the Twelfth, who happened to be at Lund, in Scania. The gallant Monarch desired him to relate all the circumstances attending his capture, and the previous action with the Swedish sloop of war; and was so much struck, that he not only instantly released him, and Tordenskiold's personal servants, but desired him to convey to his master his high sense of his character: in further testimony of which he made the Danish Admiral a present of his property on board of the sloop.

Tordenskiold, in the mean time, hastened to Copenhagen. When he made his appearance at Court, he found the air 'very eager and nipping.' The King himself told him bluntly, in a serious tone, that his attack on Strömstad had not been founded in reason; and walked off in an angry mood, notwithstanding his apologies. Tordenskiold, however, felt conscious that he had done all that a man could do, to insure success to a plan which had been approved of by all the naval and military officers composing the council of war he had called on the occasion. With his wonted high spirit he therefore demanded a court-martial, by which he was most honourably acquitted; while, at the same time, he rose still higher in his Monarch's favour, and

would have put his jealous enemies to shame, if they had been susceptible of such a feeling.

He now joined the fleet in the Baltic. While he was employed on this station, it struck him as being very desirable that some vessels of war should winter at Christiansoe (better known in nautical language by the name of the Ertholms), whence the Danes would not only be able to watch the movements of the Swedes, but also cut off their supplies from the countries bordering on the Baltic. The novelty of the plan produced a variety of opinions. When it was submitted to the King, some officers, who had probably never smelt powder, except at sham-fights, took occasion to remark, that Tordenskiold was a restless being, who was always starting new projects. The King drily observed, “ *Very true, for we seldom find any one but himself fond of doing any thing.*” Tordenskiold’s plan appeared rational and feasible: it was therefore ordered to be carried into effect; but its execution was prevented by the last invasion of Norway by Charles the Twelfth.

Tordenskiold was dispatched with some ships of war, and a body of 3500 troops, to reinforce the army in Norway. On his arrival in that country he received intelligence of the death of Charles the Twelfth, which he justly deemed of such paramount importance, that

he hastened back to Copenhagen to communicate it to the King. When his Majesty had heard the news, he made a serious pause for some minutes, and then asked, "If he knew it to be true?" "Would that I were a rear-admiral, as sure as it is true." "Be it even so," replied the King; and the intelligence being confirmed from all quarters some days afterwards, Tordenskiold had his commission as rear-admiral made out, much to the chagrin of his courtly enemies, who muttered between their teeth, that he ought to have been infamously cashiered, as the phrase is, for having left his post without orders. But happily the King was of a different opinion, and thought, with Tordenskiold, that the death of such a man as Charles the Twelfth was an event of no ordinary importance.

In the following year (1719), Tordenskiold captured the town of Marstrand, in Sweden, with the adjacent fortress, and a great number of ships. The manner in which he effected this conquest reflected so great honour on his talents and humane disposition, that the King of Denmark, when he arrived at Marstrand, immediately promoted him to the rank of Vice-Admiral, presenting him, at the same time, with his portrait richly set in diamonds, to be worn on the breast.

He had now risen almost to the top of his profession; but he continued as eager to share the dangers of any

kind of service that was going on, as if he had still been Lieutenant Vessel. The Swedes having surprised some Danish ships, and carried them to Gottenburgh, Tordenskiold determined on retaliation. He set off on the night between the 7th and 8th of October, with three gallies and ten pinnaces, well-manned, from Marstrand, for Gottenburgh. He passed unobserved by the fortress of New Elfsborg, and in the best order possible reached the fortifications of Old Elfsborg, by which the shipping was protected. Tordenskiold disembarked his men, who seized the Swedish guard, and spiked twenty-four guns in two batteries. There were eight Swedish vessels of war in the harbour, besides three taken from the Danes, every one of which Tordenskiold captured. While he was thus employed, a boat sent by the Commandant of New Elfsborg, to ascertain what was going on, hailed one of the Danish vessels in the accustomed manner, "Who's there?" "Tordenskiold," was the reply. "Pray return with my compliments to the Commandant, and tell him that I am here to teach him vigilance." Owing to the darkness of the night, and the intricacies of the navigation, which had been rendered still more difficult by the Swedes having sunk some men of war, Tordenskiold only succeeded in bringing the Danish galley that had been captured by the Swedes out of the harbour. He therefore blew up the other ships and retired, not without receiving an ample return of compliments from

the Commandant of New Elfsborg, who was by this time fully awake. Tordenskiold, however, escaped from this daring exploit without losing a single man. It was the last service he rendered his country.

Peace being concluded in the month of July in the following year (1720), he requested the King's permission to travel abroad, chiefly for the purpose of acknowledging in person his obligations to his great benefactor General Lövendahl, who now resided at Dresden. Tordenskiold left Copenhagen in company with a young gentleman of large fortune, of the name of Lehn. They stopped some time at Hamburgh, where young Lehn was told of a snake with seven crowned heads, belonging to one Stahl, who passed for a Swedish Colonel. The young traveller being curious to see such a phenomenon, repaired to Stahl, who received him most politely. Stahl happened to have company, who were playing a very high game, in which young Lehn was invited to take part. Lehn did so, and not only lost his money and every thing valuable he had with him, but was obliged to give his bond for 25000 dollars, which he was declared to have lost. When Tordenskiold heard of the transaction, it naturally excited his utmost indignation ; but he was unable to see his young friend immediately righted, having to wait upon King George the First, who was on the point of leaving his German dominions for England.

At Hanover the King of England received and treated the Danish Admiral with the greatest regard and hospitality while his Majesty remained there. And after his departure, the inhabitants followed the King's example, in rendering Tordenskiold's stay with them as agreeable as possible. Being one day out in company, Stahl made his appearance; and when his name was announced, Tordenskiold could not refrain from alluding to the transaction with young Lehn at Hamburgh. High words ensued, and Tordenskiold finished by giving the Swede a sound drubbing. Stahl sent a challenge, which Tordenskiold justly considered beneath his dignity to accept. Some persons, however, interfered, and Tordenskiold agreed to meet Stahl. Tordenskiold drew a small dress-sword. Stahl produced a large Swedish sword. Skilfully, however, as Tordenskiold handled his weapon, Fortune, as Holberg beautifully expresses it in his Latin epitaph on Tordenskiold, forsook *him* in a private quarrel, *whom* she had never abandoned in public strife. He was run through by Stahl, and died a few minutes afterwards, on the 20th of November 1720, having just entered the 30th year of his age. Stahl did not, however, long enjoy what he vauntingly proclaimed a national triumph. His line of life would naturally often involve him in disputes, and he fell some time afterwards by the hands of a Danish officer.

The body of Tordenskiold was conveyed to Copenhagen for interment in the church which is appropriated to the use of the officers and seamen of the royal navy. Here a monument was erected to his memory, with the following inscription:—

Conditur hac urna Borealis gloria Ponti,
 Danorum plausus deliciæque breves,
 Ferrea quem Lachesis raptum florentibus annis,
 Dum numerat Palmas, credidit esse senem.

Which has been thus Englished:

Here rests the glory of the Northern main,
 Denmark's brief pride, unconquered *Tordenskiold*:
 Fate broke in early youth his vital chain,
 Yet while she summ'd his actions, thought him old.

The untimely fate of Tordenskiold cannot but excite a deep feeling of regret, as I have had many opportunities of noticing, even in individuals who were not directly interested in the glory and prosperity of his country. The reader may therefore be gratified with the accompanying portrait of that good and gallant man, from a drawing by a young Danish naval officer. Tordenskiold's life has been written by several Danish and Swedish authors, but by none more satis-



Drawn by Louis RASMUSSEN and Royal Danish Navy & Engr'd by W. H. Moore Esq.

the first part of the reign of Henry the Fourth, King of France, and the second part of the reign of Richard the First, King of England, in the year of our Lord one thousand one hundred and eighty three, and the year of the Incarnation of our Lord one thousand two hundred and thirty three.

The first part of the reign of Henry the Fourth, King of France, and the second part of the reign of Richard the First, King of England, in the year of our Lord one thousand one hundred and eighty three, and the year of the Incarnation of our Lord one thousand two hundred and thirty three.

The first part of the reign of Henry the Fourth, King of France, and the second part of the reign of Richard the First, King of England, in the year of our Lord one thousand one hundred and eighty three, and the year of the Incarnation of our Lord one thousand two hundred and thirty three.

factorily than Mr. Wandall, of whose honest and spirited performance I have chiefly availed myself in the preceding pages. Oehlenschläger, too, has lately paid a poetical tribute to Tordenskiold's memory, in the composition of a pretty little opera, bearing the hero's name, and doing ample justice to his virtues and talents. The subjoined extract from the opera* may, at the same time, give the British reader an opportunity of forming a judgment of Mr. Oehlenschläger's comic powers, he being hitherto chiefly known in this country as a tragic poet.

* Mr. Oehlenschläger has introduced into his piece two courtiers, of whom one is a very sensible, and the other a very stupid person. They both appear in the suite of King Frederick the Fourth, when Tordenskiold details to his Majesty the particulars of the capture and destruction of the Swedish fleet at Dynekil. The King and Tordenskiold having retired, the stupid courtier expresses to his brother a wish of having some conversation with Tordenskiold's sailors. His brother dissuades him; but finding it impossible to divert him from his purpose, he retires to an arbour, from whence he witnesses the encounter, and overhears the following dialogue :—

Courtier. (to the Sailors) *Ecoutez mes enfans !* Which of you is the first in rank ?

Sailor. Christian Steel, your honour ; he is the cockswain.

Courtier. Hark ye, my worthy Christian Steel ! tell me honestly,

Of monuments erected in honour of great Commanders by land, the number, as might be expected, is not considerable, owing to the circumstances which

like a good Christian, something about this Captain—Commodore Thorenschiold,* I should say. Don't you know him particularly?

Cockswain. I don't know him particularly; but I know something of him, for we were born in the same town, and went to school together.

Courtier. *Ah charmant!* Then I can immediately get the information I want. Pray, is this Commodore at all a man of birth?

Cockswain. Yes, by Jupiter, he is a man of birth! His father and mother were fairly spliced; and they had him christened in the same church where I was baptized.

Courtier. I mean, is he a man of family?

Cockswain. Why, truly, he must be a man of family, since his mother bore him, and an alderman in Bergen was his father.

Courtier. An alderman, indeed! And what might his name be?

Cockswain. John Vessel, at your service.

Courtier. That name his son should have kept, like a good boy. It shows filial respect—it is christian-like to keep the name of one's father.

Cockswain. Oh! Then a great man that I know should be called Jack Tarbucket.

* In mis-spelling the name of Tordenskiold, the poet has two objects in view. He exposes the courtier's attempt at wit in pronouncing the two first syllables of Tordenskiold's name, as if they were derived from the German word *Thor*, a fool; and he slyly quizzes certain persons in high life, who either disdained to speak the Danish language, or, if they condescended to do so, murdered it most horribly.

contributed to give to Denmark the decided character of a maritime state. But the names of Absalon, Iver Lykke, and Daniel Ranzau, are a host in themselves.

Courtier. Why?

Cockswain. Because that was the name of his mother's coachman.

Courtier. Had Thorenschiold's father many more children?

Cockswain. No; he had no more than seventeen besides.

Courtier. What! eighteen children? And all boys?

Cockswain. No! half a dozen were wenches.

Courtier. Then Mr. Von* Thorenschiold, as heir-apparent, would be the eldest?

Cockswain. No; he was the tenth or eleventh, like Joseph in Egypt.

Courtier. Did his father give him an education suitable to his rank?

Cockswain. Why, he wanted to make a scholar of him; but Peter steered wildly, and soon lost sight of his learning. His father then put him on the books of a tailor; but Peter would rather be tossed about on a lee-shore, than lie moored on a tailor's shopboard. For when he once followed his master with a bag of clothes on a winter's day, he dropped his cargo, and let fly a snowball, which

* Another stroke of the poet's satire. He follows the example of Holberg, in ridiculing the absurd custom of prefixing to Danish names the German *von*, which is similar to the French *de*, and stamps the possessor with a kind of nobility. It was originally introduced into the Danish army by foreign martinets, who in days of yore came in shoals into the country, and gave the tone in many more important particulars than the present instance.

The first, who, by the way, was a Bishop, and lived in a splendid epoch of Danish history, the days of the Valdemars, deserves to be styled the deliverer of his

blocked up the tailor's day-lights, and left him sprawling on the ground. After that Peter Vessel gave up the tailoring trade.

Courtier. Dear me—dear me—what one hears ! He has, they say, been a footman, too.

Cockswain. May be so. When he was a lad, some of the King's attendants took him in tow, and carried him from Drontheim to Copenhagen. The King's Confessor, Dr. Jespersen, took an interest in him, and he remained with the Doctor for two years, until he was enrolled among the King's midshipmen.

Courtier. Did he not serve Dr. Jespersen ?

Cockswain. In all that he could. Peter Vessel has always been grateful to his benefactors.

Courtier. Ah ! that shows true virtue. (*Aside.*) So, then, he has been a tailor's apprentice and a footman ; and now he is a Commodore, and will probably soon become Admiral Thorenschiold. O dear ! what may not one live to see !

TORDENSKIOLD *returning.*

Courtier. (*Advancing towards him with an air of cordiality.*) Ah ! Commodore ! you are back again. *Embrassez moi, mon cher ami !* Do not take it amiss. I have been amusing myself a little with your sailors. I feel quite *enchanté*. One may learn something of every person in his own *métier*, although your people talk a *patois* which I do not properly understand.

country. The second, by a single victory, gained in a large plain called Nyckelaeng, near the town of Falköping, in West Gothland in Sweden, brought the whole of that kingdom, with the exception of Stockholm, and a few other places, which afterwards fell into her power, under the dominion of Queen Margaret, otherwise styled the Semiramis of the North. Her authority thus extended from Lake Ladoga in Russia to the Orkney Islands, and from Greenland to the

Tordenskiold. In truth, they cannot speak French nor German, Monsieur; but they speak pretty good broad Danish.

Courtier. Broad, indeed; but not good. I am *gené* by their technical phrases. However, I have been delighted to hear some anecdotes of your youth, Commodore, in which that original genius, which we now admire, was developed in a manner very *naïve*, (*laughing.*) To throw that snow-ball at your master, the tailor, was truly *admirable*! It was a *tout a fait* joke.

Tordenskiold. Nay, was it not? And a proper weapon against a tailor. I perceive, Monsieur, that you are slyly throwing into my teeth a youthful prank of mine, as well as my humble origin. Now I am not at all ashamed of that, (*placing his hand on the Courtier's shoulder.*) But you should thank God, Monsieur, that *you* were never a tailor's apprentice.

Courtier. (*Stupidly embarrassed.*) Why, Mr. Von Thorenschiold?

Tordenskiold. Because you would now, at most, be a master tailor.

Courtier. I a tai—tai—tail. Your most obedient. (*Runs off.*)

Tordenskiold. Yours in return.

frontiers of Germany. But the most important result of Iver Lykke's victory, was the Act of Union concluded at Calmar on the 17th of June 1397, by which it was made an irrevocable fundamental law, that the three kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, should be held by one King!

The third in chronological order is Daniel Ranzau, whose character and services were some years ago celebrated in various prize essays, which were called into existence by that public-spirited and munificent patron of every species of merit, Mr. Bulow of Sanderumgaard in Funen. His Excellency had offered a handsome prize for the best eulogy on Daniel Ranzau, to be awarded by the Society of Belles Lettres at Copenhagen. By some accident I have not the successful essay at hand; but I remember that the descriptions of the battles impressed upon the reader's ears the most vivid conceptions of the din of those dreadful fights. The essay was altogether composed upon the principles of the French *eloges*.

I am, however, fortunate in having in my possession an essay written on the same subject by Professor J. Boye. The character of this performance will be best understood from the following prefatory remarks of the learned author:—"When I determined to write the eulogy on Daniel Ranzau, required at the imme-

diate instance of the Society of *Belles Lettres*, I knew very well that a declamation, as the Roman rhetoricians called it, was not required, for that is only a school exercise. I conceived that Daniel Ranzau must at all times be worthy of an unfeigned eulogy. In history he is represented, and with truth, as *a great and pious hero*. As such I thought he should be represented in a work composed in honour of his memory. This was my aim ; and in striving to attain it, in regard to the matter, I have been guided by the writings of the ancients. With respect to the manner, as I am less acquainted with the French-Gothic taste, as it is called, I endeavoured to write agreeably to the taste of the old Grecians, which we all become acquainted with when we are put to the grammar-school."

Daniel Ranzau was a most valiant and persevering commander, and ready at all times to sacrifice his own happiness to the welfare of his country. He had to contend with many and overwhelming adversities ; at times not only enemies, but the elements appeared to conspire against him. But he had the good fortune to be engaged in just wars, and no hero ever invoked the aid of God with more fervour of heart. His example of piety and public zeal was steadily followed by all under his command ; and accordingly he was enabled to perform exploits, which might be almost called prodigies.

The battle which has immortalized his memory, was fought on the 20th of October 1565, in the plain of Svarteraae, near Falkenberg in Sweden. "The enemy," says Professor Boye, "had an army of 25,000 men. Daniel Ranzau's amounted to 4000 men only, destitute of almost every thing, and nearly surrounded on all sides by an enemy so superior in force. A battle was therefore inevitable. Ranzau moved from the plain, deriving tranquillity, courage, and strength, from the belief that he was an instrument in the hands of Providence; and he endeavoured to impart the same calmness and strength to his troops. This object he successfully attained, by addressing to them the following brief and energetic speech, which has been recorded in history, and deserves to be repeated here in honour of the hero. He however did not disguise their danger, but rather pointed out its magnitude, saying, 'The worst that can happen to us, is to die for our country; and have not those who died in this manner always departed with the greatest praise? But,' pointing with a placid smile towards Heaven, 'we may confidently expect courage, aid, and success from the Lord. Remember the solemn oath you took to your God and king; and consider, if this battle should be lost, with what misery your country will be overwhelmed, to the eternal disgrace of yourselves and your children. But if you should even all fall here like men, you will have to rejoice in the great glory which awaits you

and your children, to the latest of times. Whatever then should befall us, let all of us do our best. A small host has often proved victorious over a large army. Look up to the Lord of battles, who never forsook those who trusted in him. Let us now all kneel down to invoke the help of Almighty God.' The army knelt thrice, and the battle soon after commenced. The result was, that the Swedish army was totally dispersed, leaving 5000 on the field; nor did they halt in their flight until they had retreated upwards of twenty miles. Fifty pieces of brass ordnance fell into the hands of the victors, who remained three days on the field of battle to bury their own and the Swedish dead."

The learned author proceeds to draw a comparison between this battle and that of Agincourt; and, after quoting Henry's famous speech on that occasion, observes, "Thus spoke King Henry to Westmoreland. Both then traversed the camp till day-break. In like manner Ranzau, in the silence of the dawn, reconnoitred the enemy at Falkenberg; and, like Henry, observed how unequal a fight he and his troops should have to sustain. Our historians have been penurious and envious towards Ranzau. His speeches are mostly forgotten, and only a small part of what he said on the present occasion has been preserved. Let not some future poet, therefore, forget to put a speech like King Henry's into Ranzau's mouth. Shakspeare borrowed

most of the words from history. But envy has blotted out of our history nearly all that Ranzau said. Yet both heroes are so much alike in spirit; and in point of situation, fate, and events, the resemblances are so striking, that the one might borrow his speech from the other. Henry made such a disposition of his little army in a thickly wooded country, that only a small part could be attacked by the French army, so infinitely superior in force. Ranzau marshalled his little army so as to be able to bring the whole of its force to bear upon a small part of the Swedish troops. Before the battle, the foremost line in Henry's army knelt down to pray. The whole of Ranzau's army did the same thrice. Alike in action, they were alike in thought and speech; and Shakspeare may be said to have delineated the characters of both.*

“ Four years afterwards war broke out again between Denmark and Sweden, and Ranzau commenced his third campaign, and was killed on the 11th of November 1569, before the fortress of Varberg, by a cannon-ball, which carried off the upper part of his head

* Eulogy on the Danish hero Daniel Ranzau, with Preliminary Reflections on Poetry, Eloquence, and Taste; and an Appendix, containing Historical Illustrations, by Professor Johannes Boye, Copenhagen, 1819, pages 73-79.

down to the eyes. He fell universally lamented by his country, at the early age of forty ;

“ But knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leaps o'er age, and takes the shortest way.” *

The monuments of our native heroes are far eclipsed in splendour by one erected in honour of a foreign warrior, Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, whom honest Mr. Wandall good-naturedly calls the Camillus of his age. Professor Molbech says, that this foreign prince has no business in such a national sanctuary.† I am inclined to say as much, unless it can be made to appear that his Highness established a claim to such a mark of distinction, by having been sent by the King of Prussia, misnamed the Great, to dragoon Denmark into an accession to the Northern Confederacy against England.‡ The Duke's sister, Queen

* Eulogy on Daniel Ranzau, pages 123, 124.

† Fragments of a Day-Book written on a Journey in Denmark in 1813, by Christian Molbech, page 28.

‡ According to Mr. Coxe, in the 5th Volume of his Travels, page 45, 3d edition, the Duke was charged to threaten the minister of Denmark, the late Count Andrew Bernstorff, with his dismissal, if he did not enter fully into the views of that celebrated league. But the minister was too honest a man to hold office at the risk of doing violence to his conscience ; and he knew the in-

Juliana Maria, had unquestionably a right to put up the monument as a token of sisterly affection ; but it would certainly have been better taste, if her Majesty had not placed it in a spot dedicated to the commemoration of national worth.

Fortunately for the patriot, a monument is at no great distance, which will speedily efface unpleasant impressions, and thrill his bosom with pride and delight. Shakspeare himself, and all his merry men of Eastcheap, and elsewhere to boot, would have acknowledged, that

“ A merrier man their conversation never cop'd withal,”
than the Danish dramatist Holberg. On approaching his monument, my ears were most agreeably yet unexpectedly saluted by a chorus of nightingales, which had chosen the spot for a concert, at rather an uncommon hour, as I thought—it being noon. But my conductor (a worthy old forester, of the name of Saust, whom I should set down for one of the happiest of His

terests of Denmark too well, to make her a party to a measure by which she would in all probability be the first and chief sufferer. He therefore withdrew for a time from the country, but soon after returned triumphantly, when the Queen Dowager Juliana Maria retired from power.

Danish Majesty's servants), ascribed the singing of the nightingales in the daytime to the gloom and stillness prevailing in the woods of Jægerspriis. Be this, however, as it may, the warblings of the feathered songsters formed an exquisite accompaniment to the reflections that would arise to a pilgrim to Holberg's monument.

Oliver Goldsmith has justly observed, that Holberg was perhaps one of the most extraordinary personages that have done honour to the last century; but he is wrong when he asserts, that the history of polite learning in Denmark may be comprised in the life of one single man. It rose and fell, he says, with the late famous Baron Holberg. The good-natured poet's account of a brother dramatist, in whose history he would trace so many resemblances to the scenes of his own chequered life, is however so interesting, and, with the exception of one or two inaccuracies, so satisfactory, that the English reader will, I am sure, pardon me for placing it here, as it may not generally have met the eyes of my countrymen. "Holberg's being the son of a private sentinel, did not abate the ardour of his ambition, for he learned to read, though without a master. Upon the death of his father, being left entirely destitute, he was involved in all that distress which is common among the poor, and of which the great have scarce any idea. However, though only a boy of nine years old, he still persisted in pursuing his studies, travelled

about from school to school, and begged his learning and his bread. When at the age of seventeen, instead of applying himself to any of the lower occupations which seem best adapted to such circumstances, he was resolved to travel for improvement from Norway, the place of his birth, to Copenhagen, the capital city of Denmark. He lived here by teaching French, at the same time availing no opportunity of improvement that his scanty funds could permit. But his ambition was not to be restrained, or his thirst of knowledge satisfied, until he had seen the world. Without money, recommendations, or friends, he undertook to set out upon his travels, and make the tour of Europe on foot. A good voice, and a trifling skill in music, were the only finances he had to support an undertaking so extensive ; so he travelled by day, and at night sung at the doors of peasants' houses, to get himself a lodging. In this manner young Holberg passed through France, Germany, and Holland ; and coming over to England, took up his residence for two years in the University of Oxford. Here he subsisted by teaching French and music, and wrote his Universal History, his earliest but worst performance. Furnished with all the learning of Europe, he at last thought proper to return to Copenhagen, where his ingenious productions quickly gained him that favour he deserved. He composed not less than eighteen comedies ; those in his own language are said to excel, and those which are wrote in French

have peculiar merit. He was honoured with nobility, and enriched by the bounty of the King ; so that a life begun in contempt and penury, ended in opulence and esteem.”*

A few inaccuracies in the preceding account require to be pointed out.

In the first place, Holberg was not the son of a private sentinel, who continued through life in that humble station. In his autobiography, Holberg states his maternal grandfather to have been a Bishop in Bergen ; —but says, “ I must candidly confess, that I do not know my paternal ancestors ; for my father, of blessed memory, rose through all gradations, from the station of a private soldier to the rank of colonel, which proves that he was not a nobleman by birth, but by deeds. It is enough for me that he was ever known to be an upright, valiant, and pious man, who led a prudent and blameless life, gaining the approbation and affection of all who knew him.”†

“ On the death of my mother,” he proceeds, “ when

* An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe. London, 1759, page 69.

† Holberg’s Works, edited by Professor Rahbek. Copenhagen, 1814. Vol. XXI. page 212.

I was ten years old, I was enrolled in the Opland regiment, it being at that time the practice in the Norwegian army to allow officers' children to draw soldiers' pay ; they were in fact mostly brought up in the army from the cradle,—those who were a degree above privates, having the command of ten men, were called corporals ; and as such I was appointed, on condition of being trained up to the profession of arms. But I beg that may remain between ourselves,* because, to be metamorphosed from a non-commissioned officer into a Professor of Philosophy, and from being *corporal*, to turn *spiritual*, is a strange and almost Ovidian transformation. In truth, were it to become known, my superiors might possibly call me to account, and after turning me out of my Professor's chair, again turn me into a musketeer. My guardian sent me to the regiment to learn my duty ; but fortunately my kinsman, Otto Munthe, to whose care I was committed, would not suffer my studious disposition to be suppressed. He desired his children's tutor also to instruct me."

Nothing remarkable occurred to Holberg during the time he was a corporal, except that he did not receive a farthing of his pay, and could not tell who did. He had therefore to return to his native city, where his

* Holberg addresses his autobiography to a man of rank, who had requested from him an account of his life.

maternal uncle, Peter Lem, placed him in the grammar school, which he left in the year 1702 for Copenhagen. Here he entered the University; and after passing the first examination, returned to Norway, where a clergyman engaged him to teach his children, although he was himself only eighteen years old. The minister also stipulated that Holberg should preach when he was unwell, or had something else to do. In this situation Holberg passed a year, flogging school-boys, and exhorting peasants. He was, however, more fortunate as a preacher than as a pedagogue; for when he attempted—what indeed he says was an impossibility—to make something of the minister's youngest son—the severity of his discipline incurred the displeasure of the boy's mother, whose darling he was. She had the same opinions on the subject of bringing up children as Tony Lumpkin's mother, and Holberg was discharged. But he returned to Bergen, loaded with the praises of the peasants, who on account of his pulpit eloquence did not hesitate to compare him with some Master Peter, a former minister of theirs, whose oratory was such as made them regard him as a second Chrysostom.

After some stay at Bergen, Holberg returned to Copenhagen, where he acquired the French and Italian languages, at the same time making such rapid progress in the study of divinity, that he passed the examination for holy orders during the same winter, and acquitted

himself with credit. He then returned to Bergen, where his necessities obliged him to embrace his former mode of subsistence, by becoming tutor to the children of the Vice-Bishop. This ecclesiastic had travelled in most European countries. His journals fell into Holberg's hands, who perused them with great avidity, and conceived an irresistible desire to go abroad. Nor could he be prevented from carrying his design into execution, either by his own poverty, the angry remonstrances of his friends, or the unwillingness of the Vice-Bishop to part with him. Holberg was one of those individuals on whom difficulties crowd only to afford the greater delight in overcoming them.

Like the Alchymists, he now tried to turn every thing into gold, but found at last that he was only worth sixty dollars. With these he set off for Holland, trusting, however, less to his money than to his smattering of French and Italian, much upon the principle of his Irish biographer, who, when he arrived in Holland, proposing to teach the Dutch English, found that "in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach him Dutch."*

Holberg spent a fortnight very pleasantly at Amsterdam; but when his curiosity had been gratified, and

* Vicar of Wakefield.

he looked into the state of his purse, he began to repent of his undertaking. By becoming acquainted with the character of the Dutch, he soon found that a person of his description was not likely to make his fortune among them. In a little time he stood like Hercules on the cross-road, ashamed of returning home, and at a loss how to remain abroad. Add to this a bad state of health, and it may be easily imagined what he suffered. He decided on returning home, and was on the point of setting off, when his physician recommended him to try the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. It required no great persuasion to induce an inexperienced youth, passionately fond of seeing the world, to adopt the proposal. Accordingly he departed, and arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, with six dollars, and a useless passport, which he could not peruse without vexation, as it appeared to him rather a satire than a passport, being couched in the following words :—" *Laissez passer et repasser le Garçon Louis d'Holberg d'Amsterdam.*"

" Indeed my girl-like countenance frequently brought me into contempt," says Holberg ; " for I heard my fellow-travellers mutter among themselves, that I ought to be examined and called to account why I had left my native country by myself, since persons who had not arrived at years of discretion, and could not stand on their own legs, as the phrase is, were not in the habit of leaving the place of their birth. The task of

examination was committed to a parson, when we reached an inn. He took his seat, and, with the nod of a burgomaster, ordering me to approach, began with the following introduction: ‘*Hoer gy well, manneke! quando deseruisti studia tua* (Hark ye, mannikin, when did you run away from school?)’ This address threw me into a passion, and I proceeded, before he was aware, to pour such broadsides of Latin phrases against the poor parson, that he resigned his office, laid down his dignity, left the judgment-seat, and exclaimed, ‘*De Heer ist een Theologant, ick gratulere, myn Heer!* (The gentleman is a student in divinity; I give you joy, Sir.)’ Two years afterwards, when I was in England, and once entered a tavern proposing to pass away time in smoking a pipe of tobacco, a London citizen, who sat beside me, burst into a horse-laugh, calling out, ‘*The boy will smoke tobacco.*’ Something similar occurred to me in France, after I had been appointed a Professor-Extraordinary in the University of Copenhagen. My landlord asked another Parisian citizen how old he thought I was, and he received for answer, ‘*C’est un Garçon de dix huit ans.*’”

Holberg staid three weeks at Aix-la-Chapelle, and then walked back to Holland, whence he proceeded to Christiansand in Norway, where he set up as master of modern languages, particularly French. In a short time his reputation rose to such a height, that as he

was walking one day about the town, he had the pleasure of hearing the following panegyric upon himself: "That is the learned fellow," said one of two young men who were walking close behind him, "who knows so many languages. He speaks French, Italian, Polish, Russian, and Turkish." "In regard to languages, therefore," says Holberg, "I became as famous at Christiansand, as formerly the Asiatic King Mithridates of Pontus, who, historians assure us, spoke two and twenty languages."

Holberg possessed a monopoly of modern languages at Christiansand, until a bankrupt merchant arrived from Holland, and offered to teach French at a very moderate rate. When Holberg ascertained that the Dutchman spoke rather a barbarous jargon, he instantly challenged him to prove his skill in the language he professed to teach. "Our pupils," says Holberg, "appointed the time and place for our meeting; but we parted with equal advantage. I fired French-Norwegian balls—he replied with French-Dutch; so that I fancy the French language was never before so roughly handled."

They, however, both found out their mutual weakness, and, without following the example of higher contracting parties, in prostituting sacred language, entered into a treaty of peace and amity, by which,

like Cæsar and Pompey, they divided their power: the system of monopoly and autocracy was abolished, and in its stead a duumvirate established. Holberg had, in the mean time, formed a resolution of visiting England, whither he proceeded, in company with a young Norwegian of the name of Christian Brix. They set sail from Arendal, and after a passage of four days, arrived at Gravesend, where they landed, and walked on to London. Here they did not remain long, but proceeded to Oxford.

Of his residence at Oxford, where he passed altogether about twenty months, Holberg gives an interesting, and to that most venerable seat of learning, highly creditable account. He subsisted by teaching French and music, and passed his leisure hours most profitably in the Bodleyan Library, and in the best society at Oxford. "The Oxonians," he says, "noticed me for my sobriety and decent behaviour, but particularly for my hilarity, of which the English are very fond, when it is seasoned with wit, they being themselves witty and well-bred. I must acknowledge that I am, in many respects, obliged to the Oxonians. Of their good-will and kindness, the following, among others, may serve as a proof:—When I had been about two years at Oxford, and proposed to return home, just as I was ready to set off, a gentleman of Magdalen College came and desired to speak with me in private.

He requested me to tell him plainly, without bashfulness, how I was off in respect of funds, intimating, at the same time, that he was deputed by the whole College to offer any sum I might have occasion for, if I would not decline it from motives of delicacy. The cordiality of his address, and the liberality of his offer, made me almost speechless; but as I was provided with the requisite sum to defray my travelling expenses, I declined his offer. Indeed it is uncertain whether the liberality of the party offering, or the obstinacy of the party declining, was most to be wondered at.”*

From Oxford Holberg went to London, where he took great pains to see all that could be seen *for nothing*. He then set sail for Copenhagen, where his talents soon attracted the notice and obtained the favour of King Frederick the Fourth, who proved, in Holberg's emergencies, as zealous a supporter to him as he was to Egede and Tordenskiold. In 1714, being then thirty years old, Holberg was appointed Professor-Extraordinary in the University of Copenhagen. Soon afterwards he set out on his travels to Holland, France, and Italy, whence he returned in 1716. In 1718, he was appointed Professor of Metaphysics; in 1720, Professor of Eloquence; and in 1730, Professor of History and Geography. In 1747, he was created a Baron, having

* Holberg's Works, Vol. XXI., page 241.

by the success of his writings, and a rigid system of economy, acquired property to a large amount. During his life he made a disposition of his estates to the Equestrian Academy of Soroe, which had been instituted for the express purpose of preventing the Danish nobility from studying at foreign Universities. Holberg has been censured for this act of munificence, as the nobility of that period neither cared nor had occasion for *talents*, their *birth* being then considered as the best passport to places of trust, honour, and emolument. But Holberg does not deserve that censure. He had had too many opportunities to observe how injuriously the ignorance and imbecility of the aristocracy operated on the interests of his country, both at home and abroad; he therefore thought that he should be best enabled, in this manner, to root out the worst feature in a system, which in other very important points he had so successfully laboured to expose, by the force of his wit and satire. Some idea may be formed of the value which the court and the nobility put upon that splendid act of Holberg's munificence and public spirit, from the following circumstance:—When the principal building of the Academy had been completed, in the year 1747, a grand ceremony took place at Soroe, on the 26th of July in the same year, in presence of King Frederick the Fifth and his court. Holberg attended on the occasion; but although he had disposed of his estates, and 12000 dollars in money in favour

of the Academy, and had shortly before been created a Baron, he was not deemed worthy of the honour of dining at the same table with the courtiers, but had to take his seat among less high-bred company. It was no doubt thought an excellent retort on the dramatist, who had taken such liberties with them in his delineation of the noble Don Ranudo, whose name, when read backwards, will be found to contain the Danish words, *O Du Nar*, ‘O thou fool.’ Among court-beaux, whose stars are generally more brilliant than their wit, Holberg must have been looked upon as a dangerous neighbour. What was intended to hurt his pride, must therefore have been construed by a man like him as a compliment; and there can be no question of his being far more comfortable at any other table.

Of another portion of his property Holberg disposed in rather a singular manner. He bequeathed 16,000 dollars, the interest of which was to be distributed in dowries to young ladies.—He himself died a bachelor, in the 70th year of his age, on the 27th of January 1754.

Holberg was the founder of polite literature in Denmark, and may be said, in Oehlenschläger’s words, to have rough-planed the taste of the nation.* He sup-

* *Athene*, a monthly journal, edited by Prof. Molbech, Oct. 1813, page 298, Art. On Evald’s Works, by Prof. Oehlenschläger.

plied us with numerous useful works on universal and national history, and produced a variety of entertaining books of a comic and satirical cast. He excited among the people a taste for reading books in our own language, the Latin tongue having hitherto been the only vehicle for communicating the thoughts of our writers. He kindled and diffused among us a propensity to think and write; and our literary efforts began to attract the notice of foreign nations, from the circumstance of that celebrated man's works being translated into the English, French, German, Italian, Swedish, and Dutch languages. "Holberg," says Suhm, "gave to his nation the impulse which Cicero gave to his countrymen; both incited them to write, think, and philosophize in their own language."

The preceding were Suhm's sentiments, to which an excellent historian of the present day, Dr. G. L. Baden, has given additional currency, in a very beautiful essay,* stating Holberg's claims on the gratitude of his countrymen, for the beneficial influence of his writings on their intellectual improvement. The learned Doctor, in proceeding to point out Holberg's pre-eminence above all his cotemporaries, including men of learning and science, takes occasion to assert, that had Holberg not existed, the people of Denmark and Norway would

* Athene, July 1823, page 2.

have been a whole century behind in the attainment of knowledge. The extent of Holberg's acquirements, and the energy with which he ventured to diffuse the knowledge that he possessed, must appear particularly striking, when we consider the times in which Holberg lived; and his merits, in consequence, so much the greater, when we bear in mind the dangers to which he exposed himself in such times.

As long, however, as Frederick the Fourth sat on the throne of Denmark, Holberg had little to dread from the machinations of his enemies. The King's education had indeed been most unwarrantably neglected, some of the advisers of his royal father having successfully maintained, that a Prince had little occasion for scientific and literary accomplishments, by which in reality natural parts were checked.* But Frederick, who was eminently gifted with the characteristic good-nature of his family, had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Danish language to relish Holberg's writings; and therefore, when complaints were brought against any of his works, the King put a stop to further proceedings, by declaring that he had himself perused the work in question, and found nothing that

* History of Christian the Fifth, by Andrew Höjer, MS. See page 779 of Professor Nyerup's account of Danish Literature in Eichhorn's History of Literature. Göttingen, 1812.

could give offence, except perhaps to persons who chose to apply Holberg's delineations to their own characters and conduct. When Frederick the Fourth died, and Christian the Sixth ascended the throne, Holberg laid down his dramatic pen. Comedies and playful satires were an abomination to the dull and feeble fanatics who then bore sway in Denmark,

Holberg wrote altogether from thirty to forty comedies, many of which have been translated and imitated in the most current European languages. In illustration of the merits of his plays, it may be proper to quote the opinions of some competent judges. Some of his admirers go so far as to maintain, that Holberg's plays do not yield in any respect to the best of Moliere's, and in many points surpass them; and that in comic vigour, and delineation of character, they might bear a comparison with Shakspeare's. Professor Stefens, one of the most eminent critics in Germany, in a work entitled, 'The present Age,' observes, that Denmark possesses in Holberg a comic dramatist, such as scarcely any other modern nation can boast of:—and Mr. Heiberg, a Danish gentleman who has resided many years in France, and whose name will be familiar to such of my readers as are conversant with modern French literature, expresses the following sentiments concerning Holberg. "After having for many years studied the dramatic poets of all ancient and modern nations, I

may say, I have come to the conclusion, that there are but three comic dramatists who really deserve that name—Plautus, Moliere, and Holberg.”*

The circumstance of Mr. Heiberg being himself the second in rank as a Danish comic dramatist, must add great weight to his opinion.

Although nearly a century has now elapsed since Holberg wrote his comedies, they continue, even in these days of prudish refinement, to preserve their popularity. His merits as a writer of low comedy, as Suhm has observed, will ever remain unrivalled; for he not only depicted to admiration the manners of his own age, but he produced generally delineations of human nature, which will at all times excite interest on the stage. Accordingly, when Holberg's plays are acted at Copenhagen, they always draw full houses; and when those excellent comic actors, Messrs Lindgreen and Frydendal, perform any of his first-rate characters, the theatre is crowded to suffocation.

Of Holberg's other works, the mock-heroic poem of Peder Paars, and Niels Kliim's Subterraneous Journey, have chiefly contributed to the extension of his fame.

* The Works of P. A. Heiberg, Vol. III. Postscript.

The reputation of the former production, from its local character, is principally confined to Denmark, where it is a great favourite with all classes of people: it is found in the libraries of the great and the grave, and among the cottager's scanty stock of books; and has likewise been translated into the languages of Germany and Sweden. In the latter country it is read and relished even by the peasantry. A Swedish peasant once drove a worthy old friend of mine, Commodore Sölling of the Danish navy, and myself, from a small town in Sweden called Quistrum; and knowing us to be Danes, the Swede paid us a compliment which would have done honour to the ingenuity and politeness of a Frenchman of the South.* He began to spout long passages from Holberg's Peder Paars, with an animation and propriety which surprised and pleased us the more, as he recited them in very good Danish. "You will have read Holberg in a Swedish translation," said I. "No, I have not," replied the Swede; "I did not know that there were any Swedish translations of his works, most of which I possess. Works of wit like Holberg's should be read in the original language." Suhm himself, who declares Peder Paars to surpass Boileau's Lutrin in humour, invention,

* The Swedes are not displeased at being thought the French of the North.

and spirit, and to be able to sustain a comparison with Butler's Hudibras, and Voltaire's Pucelle, would have been pleased with the Swedish critic. Thomson's Seasons were once found lying in the window of a hedge-ale-house. "That's true fame," exclaimed a person who noticed the circumstance.

Niels Kliim's Subterraneous Journey is, perhaps, Holberg's masterpiece. It has been translated into English, French, German, Swedish, Dutch, and Hungarian. It is an exquisite piece of satire, written in imitation of Lucian and Swift, on philosophical, political, and religious subjects, full of important and useful rules to rulers. As such, it excited great indignation among the *jus divinum* and *passive obedience* preachers of the day, and was very near being suppressed. Niels Kliim was originally written in Latin, which, from not being sufficiently understood by the gentlemen who were charged with the *surveillance* of the Danish Muses, probably secured Holberg against persecution.*

It is no wonder, therefore, that Holberg is the most popular of Danish authors, and that his name is

* Eichhorn's Geschichte der Litteratur, Vol. III., Section III., page 789.

ever mentioned with honour and gratitude. Denmark has, it is true, given birth to men who possessed more extensive learning, deeper reach of thought, wider compass of historical research, and greater poetical powers, than Holberg can be said to have displayed; but she has not produced a writer whose works have proved so extensively beneficial to the mass of the people.

Of the individuals alluded to, many lived after Holberg's time; but I can in this place only mention one, whose works are sufficient of themselves to refute the assertion of Goldsmith, that polite learning rose and fell in Denmark with the illustrious character of whose transcendent merits I have ventured in the preceding pages to give a faint outline. Some years after Holberg's death, Evald arose, and became the founder of the tragic drama, as Holberg had been the father of comedy. But Evald fell upon times equally inauspicious to his character and genius. "He stood," Oehlenschläger remarks, "diametrically opposed to the age in which he lived. Denmark neither knew nor understood him, and could not therefore appreciate his worth; and in fact lost him, it may be said, before she was aware what a poet she had possessed."*

* Essay on Evald and his Works, by Prof. Oehlenschläger, Athene, Oct. 1813, page 306.

The authority of Mr. Oehlenschläger, who in another part of his essay most handsomely acknowledges the influence which the writings of Evald had on the early developement of his own poetical powers, will, I have no doubt, satisfy the reader, that Goldsmith's assertion was not founded on authentic data. As I shall, however, have an opportunity, in the sequel of this work, to enter more minutely into the state of Danish literature, I am unwilling, in taking my leave of the classical grove of Jægerspriis, to mingle the merry details of Holberg's story with the tragic particulars of Evald's life.

Besides the principal objects of attraction—the monuments—two tumuli claim the traveller's notice at Jægerspriis. The largest, called Monses hill, would be still more interesting, if it had not unfortunately received some modern additions and improvements, which, as Professor Molbech justly observes, are entirely out of place, and disturb the beholder's meditations on “those venerable times, when generous singleness of heart, manly virtue, and unsophisticated manners, dwelt among mankind.”*

* Wandall's Memoirs, page 18.

The author of the *Öfversigt*, who in this part of his work has been influenced by the writings of *Levassier* and the early

TUMULUS AT UDLEIRE.

no doubt, really the author, that *Levassier's* mention was not limited on this point. As I shall, here

have an opportunity, in the sequel of this work, to

If the traveller recrosses the Frith of Roeskilde by the ferry of Frederikssund, I would recommend him to turn a few miles to the right, for the purpose of inspecting the tumulus at *Udleire*. It is inclosed in a very regular, almost globular hillock, the circumference of which at the foot may be about 100 paces. There are no circles of stones ; indeed, the exterior of the hill would not attract particular notice, and no person would easily suppose it to contain one of the largest tumuli in Denmark.

There is an opening in the east-side of the hill, a little above the level of the ground, formed of four blocks of granite, the uppermost projecting somewhat above the others. The descent to the subterraneous vault is very narrow, and rather arduous. I found it necessary to crawl and indeed to slide along through the passage, which is from the opening between four and five yards in length, a yard wide, and about four feet high. This passage, which is formed of hewn granite, leads to the tumulus, through a regular square

aperture, which, as well as the passage, were probably closed up with stones and earth when the cave was discovered.

Difficult, however, as the access may be, the visitor will find himself amply compensated for the trouble he has been at. By the light of a lantern he will discover fifteen large blocks of granite, of which some are two yards and upwards in height above the ground, placed in an oblong circle of about seven yards in length, and three yards in breadth in the middle. Above these blocks, which are closely fixed, there are four of a much larger and more irregular shape, forming the ceiling, which is in breadth equal to the length of the cave, viz. seven yards. Every opening produced by the irregular forms of the large stones, has been closed up with smaller ones; and the blocks forming the walls, where they do not immediately touch each other, have been carefully filled up with flat, hewn and pointed wedges of granite, flint, or sandstone. In most places these wedges still stick so close, that it was not possible to pull them out without breaking them. The care that may be every where traced in the construction of the cave is astonishing, and the enormous strength that must have been required cannot but excite amazement. The cave, in fact, appears rather to have been cut out in a solid rock, than like a burial-chamber formed of several blocks of stone. It almost

excited horror to look at the immense overhanging and irregular masses of stone, which form the vaulted ceiling, and in some places appear to be hovering above the head. One of these stones is above four yards in length, and two in breadth. The height of the cave is not uniform, varying from three to four yards. The bottom is covered with common yellow sand, sparingly mixed with flintstones. It would be vain to look for remnants of the bones, or for the ashes, which this mighty burying vault once contained, or for any of the stone-knives and other implements which our ancestors deposited with the earthly remains of heroes. The cave has been long ago ransacked from one end to the other.* There is not now that want of Doctor Stukeleys, of which Sir Nathaniel Wraxall complains.

At a short distance from Udleire is another hill, which, according to history and tradition handed down to the present times, is said to be the burial-place of King Frode, the pacific and good. His power was not only very great, but his reputation for courage was spread far and wide through the North. The great popularity attached to his memory, even in the present day, seems however to have been principally owing to his having deserved the epithets of pacific and good, in

* See Professor Molbech's "Juvenile Wanderings," page 380.

his warlike age, fourteen hundred years ago. Saxo, relating in his fifth book the death of Frode, adds, that his counsellors and courtiers, in order to conceal an event so distressing to the country, and with a view to prevent the defection of countries tributary to Denmark, preserved King Frode's body, and carried it through the country for the space of three years ; but the stench became so intolerable, that they were at last constrained to bury it. The body was accordingly interred at Værebroe, in fulfilment of the King's special request, as being a place which was then of chief importance, and in the centre of the kingdom of Denmark.

It is pleasing to add, upon Professor Molbech's authority, founded on his personal knowledge, that the peasantry have not forgotten " King Frode the Good," who, together with King Valdemar, are almost the only Danish Kings with whose names they are acquainted.

FREDERIKSSUND.

It will be necessary to reconduct the traveller to the great north road leading to Copenhagen. But as I have never had an opportunity of striking across the country in that direction, from where we now are, I have myself occasion for guidance, which an old favourite fellow-traveller, Mr. Soldin, can supply. In describing that tract of country, he observes that the traveller meets with nothing remarkable; the same horses, the same cows, the same sheep, and the same pigs, occur every where. Were Sterne himself to describe his journey through these parts, it would be but a dry account, Mr. Soldin believes. But uninteresting as the country is now, it is very remarkable for what it has been in the olden time. We meet continually with large stones, where our ancestors administered justice beneath the canopy of Heaven. In those times the Kings of Denmark themselves travelled from place to place, seeing justice done between man and man. To a person versed in the history of Denmark, many interesting associations will therefore arise, and the tediousness of the journey may be beguiled by reflections

on those rude and unpolished, but perhaps happier times.

The town of Frederikssund, which is a very neat little place, contains nothing particularly worthy of remark. The traveller has now, it is true, no difficulty in being comfortably accommodated, without following the example of Don Quixotte, in taking gentlemen's houses for inns. But the town exhibits few symptoms of animation, except on market-days ; this it has, however, in common with most towns in Zealand that are not intersected by some great thoroughfare from the capital.

SLANGERUP.

THE next town in this district, called Slangerup, presents a melancholy picture of the mutability of earthly things. It is the oldest town, and probably the oldest capital in Denmark, but now in a most deplorable condition. If it were not on record, it would scarcely be credited, that the conqueror of the Jomsvikinger, Erik the Good, was born in such a wretched place. According to an old tradition, he came into the world in a street called Monastery-street, which no longer exists. The house, or rather the hovel, of a poor potter, stands on the site of the castle of one of the most powerful kings of Denmark.

This tract of country is very thinly inhabited, and exhibits few pleasing traces of cultivation. To the antiquary it is however interesting, for it abounds in tumuli, which no one knows, and no one cares to know, according to Mr. Soldin's statement. But matters have changed within these twenty years, since he said so, and when he thus expressed himself: "It was worthy of King Frederick the Fifth, and his enlightened age

(1746 to 1766), to send men of learning to Arabia, for the purpose of enriching literature with new treasures and discoveries. But every true patriot could have wished that His Majesty had rather applied his royal bounty to the investigation of the antiquities of his own country. It is unpleasant to find no notice taken of those most remarkable tumuli, in which perhaps the first and greatest of Denmark's kings and heroes are interred. Who can tell how much important light might be thrown upon northern antiquities, were these tumuli properly examined?"

Since these remarks were made, a host of learned men have arisen, among whom Professors Thorlacius, P. E. Muller, Nyerup, Finn Magnusen, Werlauff, Vedel Simonsen, Captain Abrahamson, and Counsellor Thomsen, have most distinguished themselves in researches of that kind, with a degree of industry and skill which has been highly appreciated by the antiquaries of England and Germany.

In reference to what has been stated concerning tumuli, barrows, or, as they are sometimes called, *earth-houses*, it may be proper to notice, that many of these probably served as places of safety, where the ancient Northerners deposited their treasures. In expressing this opinion, I am guided by the sentiments of my learned friend Robert Jamieson, Esq., whose profound ac-

quaintance with the literature, languages, and antiquities of the North, entitle him to the utmost respect. I therefore subjoin his observations upon the subject.*

* “*Earth-houses* (as they were called), were built under ground in hillocks, the entrance to which, being concealed by trees and underwood, was known only to those to whom they belonged. Here plate, jewels, armour, or whatever was more precious, was deposited for security against any sudden invasion, such as they were continually exposed to; and those who were interested in preventing the place from being explored, industriously propagated reports of its being the retreat of a *Drac* (demon) of the most malignant and terrible description. Every chief had his peculiar cavern, treasury, or hiding-place, which was known only to those whom it most concerned. Caverns of this kind are every where pointed out at this day in Norway, Sweden, and the Highlands of Scotland; and, if they are but sufficiently large and dark, never without some terrible story of the dragon or demon, who was encountered by the warrior, harper, or bag-piper, who in quest of the treasure ventured too far.”—*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, page 278.

BLAUSTRÖD.

WHEN the traveller finds himself again at Frederiksborg, the road to Copenhagen will carry him through a finely wooded country, inhabited by the *Carbonari* of Denmark, a well-formed, witty, and quick race of people, whose principal business it is, however, not to frame, but to destroy constitutions. They supply the choicest fuel for French cookery, which has probably subjected many kings and courtiers to as much inconvenience and suffering, as the theories and practices of illuminati and levellers ; or, in other words, the peasantry of this district are the principal manufacturers of charcoal in the country. To a traveller somewhat acquainted with the Danish language, and anxious to obtain an insight into the character of the inhabitants of North Zealand, it would be desirable to fix his abode here for a while. He would, besides, have an advantage which, from my own experience I can say, but few places have afforded in the same degree ; he would find easy access to one of that body of men from whom most real knowledge is to be gained in any country—I mean the clergy. The traveller

will find in the Reverend Mr. Junge, the present Vicar of Blauströd, one of the most original and learned of Danish authors, and acquire in his society more interesting and entertaining information in an hour or two, than he might elsewhere do in as many months.

About five and twenty years ago, he published a work on the character, customs, opinions, and language of the peasantry of North Zealand, which is justly esteemed the best work of the kind we possess. It is full of learning, information, wit, humour, and feeling; an ornament to our literature, and pleasingly illustrative of the extent of freedom allowed to the Danish press.

On leaving the village of Blauströd the country becomes very bare of wood, exhibiting at the same time no very favourable marks of cultivation, either in the appearance of the fields, or of the cattle. But on approaching the Elsinore road, the landscape assumes a very cheerful and varied aspect, in which the Fure Lake, a noble sheet of water, fringed with woods and villas, forms a conspicuous feature.



Engraved by H. H. Hansen.

SÖLLERÖD.

Drawn by H. H. Hansen, Copenhagen.

SÖLLERÖD.

From the station at Örebro, the railway road, which leads to
Sölleröd, is a beautiful one, and the traveller is enabled
to see the most beautiful scenery in the country. It is a great advantage from the
fact, as it is exhibited in the annexed engraving, and
it is itself tempt an admirer of beautiful scenery to
undertake the excursion.

The most beautiful scenery which I have seen in the
country, is that of Sölleröd. It is a beautiful scenery, and
may be esteemed the most classical ground in the
island of Zealand. It has been and still is the favourite
resort of our poets and men of letters during the sum-
mer. It was indeed this circumstance which, during a
late residence in Denmark, induced me to devote some
days to a personal survey of this interesting portion of
the island.

My stage was, in the first instance, bent towards the
village of Örebro, where our historian Suhm had his



SÖLLERÖD.

INSTEAD of following the Elsinore road, which leads to Copenhagen, I would recommend the traveller to make a *detour*, and by all means on foot, to the village of Sölleröd. It appears to great advantage from the road, as it is exhibited in the annexed engraving, and will of itself tempt an admirer of beautiful scenery to undertake the excursion.

The tract of country which I now proceed to describe, or rather of which I trust the accompanying views will impress the reader with favourable ideas, may be esteemed the most classical ground in the island of Zealand. It has been and still is the favourite resort of our poets and men of letters during the summer. It was indeed this circumstance which, during a late residence in Denmark, induced me to devote some days to a regular survey of this interesting portion of the island.

My steps were, in the first instance, bent towards the village of Överöd, where our historian Suhm had his

villa. As I approached the place, my mind was naturally occupied with reflections on the character and works of an individual, who had rendered the most essential services to the Danish republic of letters.

Of Suhm's merits as a historian, an English traveller has indeed expressed himself rather slightly in the following terms :—" The Danes have, it is true, some histories replete with research and erudition, as that of Suhm, for instance : but their composition is clumsy, and their materials heavily and unskilfully arranged. This I have been told by the most enlightened and candid Danes with whom I have conversed ; for I cannot pretend to judge of the literature of the nation, from my own very imperfect acquaintance with the language."*

When it is however considered, that Mr. Macdonald staid only four days at Copenhagen, under circumstances by no means pleasant, and in that short time moved in a circle where, for reasons which it would take up a large book to explain, he was very unlikely to receive satisfactory information on Danish subjects ; and when it is moreover recollected, that he asked some of the lite-

* Travels through Denmark, and part of Sweden, in 1809, by James Macdonald, London, 1809, Vol. II. page 37.

rati there whether we possessed original tragedies and comedies in the Danish tongue, and that he received such vague and contradictory answers as induced him to form his opinion, and to suppress his curiosity, it may be more than suspected that he addressed himself to some foreign *illuminati*, who were too much dazzled by the effulgence of their own light, and too deeply absorbed in shedding its benign influence over the *half-enlightened* people of Denmark, as a German traveller once called us, to regard the previous exertions of native writers. None but an absolute ignoramus of the literature and language of Denmark, or one who was wilfully determined to mislead, could have told Mr. Macdonald, that attempts had only been made of late by Baggesen the poet, Madame Brun, and several others, to force our language into elegance and popularity, when it is notorious that Madame Brun, although she has lived in Denmark since the time she could open her mouth to speak, has never published a line in Danish that had not been previously translated from her German manuscript, as will be seen on referring to Professor Nyerup's Dictionary of Danish authors, page 98. And none but some time-serving parasite would have suppressed the name of the tragic poet Evald, who was suffered to pine away in abject misery and obscurity, while a foreign poet (Klopstock) derived all the comforts of life from a handsome Danish pension, which, however, Heaven forbid I should grudge him,

Klopstock being not only an admirer but a friend of Evald. Moreover, when Mr. Macdonald inquired for original Danish tragedies, it is almost incredible that the name of Oehlenschläger should not have been mentioned, as he had already written his tragedy of *Hakon Jarl*. All Denmark must at the time have rung from side to side with the fame of that splendid production, which has been deemed sufficient of itself to establish Oehlenschläger's reputation as a tragic poet.

But to return to Suhm. "He was no Thucydides," a Danish historian of great promise observes, "no Macchiavelli, no Robertson—he was *Suhm*; and he has taken care that his name, which has not been hitherto eclipsed, shall be mentioned to the latest of times with reverence by all who devote themselves to the study of history."

"When he first conceived the idea of illustrating the history of his own country, and of the north, he chalked out a plan, which he firmly adhered to and pursued for more than half a century. We cannot in fairness require that he should have shaped his plan differently; because Suhm would certainly not have effected what he did, if his historical labours had taken another direction than what the early bent of his mind had prescribed. In every great and momentous undertaking, a man who follows independently the im-

pulses of his own genius in the application of his mental powers, will always effect more than another, who adopts a model, and appropriates to himself the suggestions of some other person. Those who assert that Suhm ought to have written the history of Denmark in a manner different from what he did, may, however, justly maintain that he ought to have devoted less time and labour to a critical investigation of his subject, and more to a connected systematic style. It would, indeed, have been easier for him to have written the history of Denmark on the plan of Holberg or Mallet. Suhm, without having subjected himself to so much drudgery and self-denial, would then, beyond comparison, have been much more read than he now is; but we should not have possessed the works which only a Suhm could produce. Our country, and all who pursue the study of history on right principles, would have gained infinitely less. It is only to be wished, that Suhm had not suffered his excellent talent for historical narrative to be almost eclipsed by his critical researches.”*

Of Suhm's high deserts as a patron of literature and literary men, there can be but one opinion. He had been born in a rank of life which would have entitled

* Oration in memory of P. F. Suhm, by C. Molbech. Copenhagen, 1814, page 41.

him to look to the court for honours and riches ; but he preferred pursuits more congenial to his mind and character. At an early period of life, poetry had given a bias to his mind which stimulated him to seek happiness in study, rural pleasures, and liberty only ; and a desire to attain these objects operated with irresistible power on his thoughts and actions throughout the whole of his life.

It was his good fortune, by marriage, to acquire a large property, which he principally devoted to the advancement of science and literature. He not only collected a library which might bear a comparison with royal and princely repositories of books, but he gave to his country *a public national library*, in the fullest sense of the word, before the government did so. At the time when the King of Denmark allowed 700 dollars annually for the augmentation of the national library, the expenses of Suhm's library amounted to from 4 to 5000 dollars, or upwards of L.1000 in those days. Professor Nyerup states, that Suhm had expended upwards of L.20,000 on the augmentation of his library, during a period of somewhat more than twenty years, to reckon from the time when he began to enlarge his library on a great scale. In the year 1796, he disposed of the library, which is said to have contained upwards of 100,000 volumes, to the King, for an annuity to himself and to his wife after his

death. Suhm died two years subsequently to that arrangement, and his wife did not long survive him; so that the Great Royal Library of Copenhagen became possessed, on very easy terms, of an invaluable collection of books.

It contained upwards of 2500 manuscripts, chiefly relating to the history of Denmark and the North. There was also an inestimable collection of manuscripts, translations, illustrations, and notes, relating to Arabic, Greek, and Roman writers, which had belonged to the celebrated German scholar Reiske, who on his death left his widow nothing else. She offered these fruits of her husband's labours and studies during the whole of his life to the Princes of his country, but they declined contributing to the comforts of the widow of an individual, whose profound learning and unwearied labours had added so much to the literary reputation of Germany. Mrs. Reiske then applied to Suhm, who readily complied with her desire, and granted her an annuity for the collection.

The splendid edition of Abulfeda's Arabic Annals, in five quarto volumes, which was published by Mr. Suhm at an expense of about L.1000, could not but excite in the learned world a feeling of satisfaction that Reiske's manuscripts had come into his possession. Suhm's name is also most honourably connected with the publication of a work of great magnitude and im-

portance in Danish history. The *Scriptores rerum Danicarum* he offered with uncommon generosity to publish at his own expense, and transfer all the profits to the editor, his friend Langebek. The latter, however, improving in his circumstances, Suhm's generous offer became superfluous; but the merit is still his. On Langebek's death, Suhm devoted much time and labour to the continuation of the work, the fourth volume of which had been left unfinished by Langebek. Suhm edited that, as well as the fifth, sixth, and seventh volumes, enriching the whole with copious illustrations and notes. He died, leaving the eight volume unfinished; and it is to be lamented that adequate encouragement has not been found since to stimulate some of our men of learning to proceed in a publication which reflects so much honour on our country.

Suhm also superintended the publication, and wrote the prefaces to a work, entitled, Collections for the History of Denmark, drawn from his own stores of manuscripts, by Messrs Nyerup and Sandvig. Besides other books, he also published at his own expense eight of the ancient Icelandic Sagas, in separate quarto volumes. But it would be endless to enumerate all the services Suhm rendered to literature.

As his library stood open to the public generally, so his house afforded unrestrained access to literary men. It was the focus of all learning, science, and wit in the

Danish metropolis ; and what is not always a feature in the distribution of patronage, he cherished among those who had occasion for his assistance an independence of mind in their studies and researches after truth, which may be traced with pride and delight in the writings of authors who were particularly favoured with his friendship.

There is not, perhaps, in our island another house remarkable for having been the residence of a man distinguished as a public benefactor, that can awaken more pleasing emotions. It stands near the margin of a lake, bounded on the east by a wooded hill, which commands one of the finest bird's eye views in Zealand. The village of Överöd is so remarkable for salubrity, that in the days of the *black death*, only the clergyman is reported to have died, he having caught the contagion in a neighbouring village ; and the place, for its small size, still contains an uncommon number of hale hearty old men, and women far advanced in the fifth score. Suhm's villa, therefore, in all respects furnishes an interesting illustration of Thomson's lines, as having been the scene of

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven ;—

and I was pleased to find, that some person who had become possessed of the villa had called it *Suhm's Minde*—a word difficult to be translated into English, but the meaning is, *in memory of*.

But how soon were all these agreeable and interesting associations to be disturbed ! Just as I found myself close to the house, a cow galloped past, the day being intensely hot, bouncing slap-dash through a gap in the garden palings, and made a dead stop under a fine apple-tree, helping herself to the fruit in the only way she could, which, it will be recollected, the poet I have just quoted imitated, probably forgetting that he had two hands in his breeches-pockets, or too indolent, as his biographer remarks, to make use of them.

The appearance of the garden where the cow could play such a prank may be readily imagined ; and the state of the house was in excellent keeping. A room, which, to judge from its size and appearance, may not improbably have been Suhm's study, had been turned into a small chandler's shop. Here a pretty woman sold various articles of cheese-mongery, wrapping them up in leaves of books, which, on examination, were found to be something better than waste paper. The sight was altogether disheartening ; I wished Professor Molbech or Mr. Soldin had been present. What an indignant torrent of patriotic eloquence they would

have poured forth, on perceiving such learned lucubrations employed to these ignoble purposes, in a house which had been Suhm's residence.

At a short distance from Suhm's villa lived a bosom friend of his, Mr. Lûxdorph, with whom he preserved an uninterrupted friendship for nearly half a century. Mr. Lûxdorph, whose name is creditably connected with Danish *belles lettres*, was a great wit, a member of the Privy Council, and wrote, among other things, an excellent poem, entitled "*The Bliss of Idiots*." He was besides a good Latin poet, and knew Virgil by heart. His taste was as chaste as his reading extensive, of which a most excellent library afforded satisfactory tests. Above all, he possessed great goodness of heart, which, to the kindred disposition of Suhm, must have been a strong recommendation.

It was my intention to have visited the spot where Lûxdorph had resided, but as I had loitered too long about the villages of Överöd and Sölleröd, and evening coming on apace, I thought it best to terminate the day's rambles at the hospitable home of a friend in the neighbourhood.

The old Kings of Denmark must be allowed to have been feelingly alive to the beauties of Nature. Within a circuit of a few miles were no less than four royal

seats. That at Sölleröd was some considerable time ago suffered to go to decay. It is now the residence of Professor Schlegel, the author of some pamphlets on the maritime rights of England.

The palace of Frydenlund was a favourite retreat to Queen Carolina Matilda. A road running through the woods to the neighbouring town of Hirschholm still bears the name of that unfortunate Queen. Frydenlund is most delightfully situated amidst softly swelling wooded hills and lovely vallies, where the Queen might readily fancy herself in her native "Green Isle of the Free."

Of the palace of Hirschholm it is sufficient to say, that it has lately happily disappeared. It was a monument of bad judgment, bad taste, and bad feeling. It was built in a morass, it had a foreign name, and the expense lavished on its construction bore no proportion to the beauty or utility of the object,—leaving out of question, that much money was borrowed abroad, in order to gratify the whims of Queen Sophia Magdalena, who, among other fancies, conceived a wish to build a palace on the spot where, as the story goes, she had manfully killed a stag,—in German, *Hirsch*, whence the palace derived its name. It was pleasing to observe a very elegant little church rising on the site of the palace.

From Hirschholm a pleasant foot-path leads through some thriving woods to the sea-side. Here stood, and in an altered form still stands, a royal seat, called Sophienberg. It was likewise built by Queen Sophia Magdalena, who, according to Mr. Steenbloch, by her rage for building, and her boundless passion for pomp, gave the finances of Denmark a blow, from which, on the authority of the writer referred to, they had not recovered in the latter part of the last century. The beauty of the situation, and the ever-varying prospects it commands, however, in this instance offer some apology for Her Majesty. The palace of Sophienberg has been for many years in the possession of private individuals.

NYE MÖLLE.

FROM Sölleröd, a very romantic walk leads to some paper-mills, where the traveller will be delighted with an alpine region, which, though upon a small scale, is rather a novel appearance in Zealand. Had Mr. Ramdohr come here, he certainly would have set about measuring the altitudes of the hills, and the depths of the dells, and ultimately produced a very workmanlike survey of the Lilliputian mountain scenery of Nye Mölle. The accompanying print will, however, say more for the interesting landscape at New-Mill, than Mr. Ramdohr, or any other describer, could do. I recollect with singular pleasure, that the view has found a place here on the recommendation of a gentleman who has lived many years at the foot of Skiddaw.



Published by the National Library of Medicine

NYE MOLE

From Skiddaw, a very romantic walk leads to New-Mill, where the traveller will be delighted with an alpine region, which, though open to the wind, is rather a novel appearance in Zealand. Had Mr. Randsøhr come here, he certainly would not set about measuring the altitudes of the hills, and the heights of the dells, and ultimately produce a complete topographical survey of the Lakkapattan mountain range. The accompanying print will, however, do more for this interesting landscape at New-Mill, than Mr. Randsøhr, or any other describer, could do. I cannot but derive particular pleasure, that the view has found a place here, on the recommendation of a gentleman who has lived many years at the foot of Skiddaw.



Drawn by H. C. P. Holm, Copenhagen.

Engl. by WILLIAMS.

NYE MØLLE.

Published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy London 4th June 1823.

REMARKS

In ascending the heights which tower the paper-mills at
Korsbøl, the traveller will arrive at the residence
of Count Schlegel, who generously allowed the Danish translator of Shakes-
peare the use of a house, where he passed several sum-
mers with his family. Here Mr. Foerster had besides
the good fortune to receive from Mr. Fuster, the
English minister, who spent a summer at the adjacent
seat, many attentions, which were of singular value to
a literary man like Mr. Foerster, whose mind was
always busied with the old literature of England, at
the same time that he eagerly sought every opportu-
nity to keep pace with the strides which England was
making to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge and
human happiness. A recollection of the delightful days
I enjoyed in this spot, in the society of my lamented
friend, will ever be one of the most interesting retros-
pects of my life; and I trust my readers will be pleased
to see a representation of the place where a translator
of Shakspeare felt himself eminently happy.



BREDE.

IN ascending the stream which turns the paper-mills at Nye Mølle, the traveller will arrive at the copper-works of Brede, belonging to Count Schimmelmann, who generously allowed the Danish translator of Shakspeare the use of a house, where he passed several summers with his family. Here Mr. Foersom had besides the good fortune to receive from Mr. Foster, the English minister, who spent a summer at the adjacent seat, many attentions, which were of singular value to a literary man like Mr. Foersom, whose mind was always busied with the old literature of England, at the same time that he eagerly sought every opportunity to keep pace with the strides which England was making to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge and human happiness. A recollection of the delightful days I enjoyed in this spot, in the society of my lamented friend, will ever be one of the most interesting retrospects of my life; and I trust my readers will be pleased to see a representation of the place where a translator of Shakspeare felt himself eminently happy.

JÆGERSBORG PARK.

THE delightful walks with which the country about Brede abounds, are in some directions terminated by this park, where the magnificence and beauty of Danish forest scenery will be seen in the highest state of perfection. The late Mr. Pram, a Norwegian poet of celebrity, has described it well in a poem entitled "Emilia's Fountain," part of which I have seen thus translated into English,—

" On yon green hills chaste Dian's temple stands,
Yon dusky woods her royal stag commands,
To yonder plains the harmless fawns retire,
In cheerful gambols guarded by their sire;
The goddess 'self, beneath yon bowering shade,
With rival oaks, protects the happy glade.
Huntsman, avaunt ! restrain thy impious sports,
Here peace, delight of kings, alone resorts."

Had Foersom lived to translate and bring "As You Like it" on the Danish stage, he would have studied the character of Jaques in this forest, where I should often have fancied myself in some of the celebrated syl-



Drawn by H. & J. Robinson, Copenhagen.

Engraved by W. J. M. J. M.

THE HERMITAGE.

in Lagersburg Park.

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van scenes in Shakspeare, if our gigantic beech-trees had not destroyed any reverie connected with Windsor, or other English forests. The red-deer, too, in Denmark called crown-deer, are here of a far superior species to those I have seen in Windsor Forest, or the Duke of Bedford's Park at Woburn Abbey. It is a truly majestic sight when you meet with a herd of thirty or forty old stags grazing in some of the solemn circular glades in Jægersborg Park, where, from the closeness of the wood, the light chiefly descends perpendicularly. The hinds with their fawns, on the other hand, seek an extensive plain, in which stands a hunting-seat, very improperly called the Hermitage, but now seldom used for its original purpose. The house, from its lofty situation, commands a fine view of the sea. But, as a building, it is scarcely worth inspecting, and is now rapidly falling into decay. It will not indeed be missed in a park, of which Mr. Coxe says, "It is perhaps the finest spot for the natural beauty of the gently waving grounds, and the richness of the wood; and sufficiently proves that the nobles might lay out their grounds equal to ours in England, if they would trust more to Nature and less to art."

SORGENFRIE.

RETURNING from the park by Brede, foot-paths on both banks of the stream lead to the seat of his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark, who lately paid a visit to England. The late Captain Abrahamson, in his description of this seat, dwells with particular pleasure on the liberality of the then royal possessor, who permitted the public to walk in the gardens and grounds. These are laid out in a style pleasingly illustrative of the correctness of Mr. Coxe's opinion; and, as in former times, are always open to the public. The manner in which the inhabitants of Copenhagen enjoy the pleasures of the country, may perhaps nowhere be observed to such advantage as at Sorgenfrie, of which delightful spot Sir John Carr remarks, that "it is in miniature (a very small one) at once the Versailles and Greenwich Park of Denmark."

SORGENFRIE

Having now seen the spot by which the English and
such banks of the river lead to the seat of the Royal
Highness Prince Christian of Denmark, who lately paid
a visit to England. The late Captain Abrahamson, in
his description of this seat, speaks with particular plea-
sure of the beauty of the then royal possession, who
permitted the public to walk in the garden and
grounds. There we had seen in a very pleasing
manner of the residence of Mr. Charles, who
was at the time of the change from the palace.
The manner in which the inhabitants of Copenhagen
enjoy the pleasure of the country, may perhaps be
where he observed to have advantage as at Sorgenfrie,
of which description says St. John Carr remarks, that
it is in nature to the public eye to see the Ver-
dure and beauty of the garden.



FREDERIKSDAL.

From the Hill.

Published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy London 4th June 1823.

FREDERIKSDAL.

WHAT Nature has done for this spot, will be evident from the accompanying view. What art may have done, or omitted to do, it would perhaps be a difficult and delicate task to explain, as I am not disposed to quote the exaggerated statements of foreign writers, female as well as male, who are in the habit of reading lectures to us on taste, and in language not very decorous. Those who have the best will to effect an union between the beauties of nature and art in this interesting spot, may not possess a sufficiency of the *rerum nervus gerendarum*. And others, who possess in abundance that *sine qua non*, may, in spite of their theoretical pretensions to taste, be entirely destitute of another, and not less necessary requisite than money, a sense of private comfort exalted and refined by public spirit. Considering the rank and wealth of the individuals connected with Frederiksdal, much will certainly strike the traveller's eye which he could wish to be otherwise in a spot for which Nature has done so much; but he will leave this place, pleased to think, that if art has done little good here, it has not done much harm.

VIEW ON BAGSVÆRD LAKE.

THE artist who favoured me with the design from which the annexed view was engraved, has with much taste, and with a delightful feeling towards the beauties of his native scenery, chosen a point which conceals the Italian villa of the celebrated German poetess Madame Brun. Both sides of the lake are richly clothed with wood, and embellished with villas and cottages built in a very pleasing style of rural architecture, suited not only to the delights, but to the rigours of our climate.



Drawn by Professor Lund R.A. Copenhagen.

Eng^d by W.B. Lewis.

VIEW ON BAGSVÆRD LAKE.

near Frederiksdal.

Published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy London 4th June 1823.



Designed by Professor Dahl B.A. Dresden.

Engraved by W. H. Lister.

GIENTOFTE CHURCH.

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GIENTOFTE.

FROM Frederiksdal the traveller has a pleasant walk to Lyngbye, whence he may make a very interesting excursion to Gientofte, in the neighbourhood of which stands a monument in honour of the first Count Bernstorff, who gave to the peasantry of this district the rights of property. The village is prettily situated on the banks of a lake, richly studded with cottages, villas, and gardens, ascending from the water's edge to rather a considerable height, and surmounted by the church, which thus gives to the whole a pyramidal form, and when reflected in the tranquil mirror of the lake, produces a very fine effect. The lake is a favourite resort of wild swans, which breed here, and depart in autumn. From the regularity of their return next spring, they probably enjoy the same immunities as the storks, which seem to be particularly well pleased with his Danish Majesty's dominions.

Passing on from Gientofte, the road leads through Jægersborg, where formerly stood a hunting-seat. You then enter the noble forest, of which mention has

already been made. Near an inn called *Fortune*, the city of Copenhagen bursts on the view with fine effect.

During four or six weeks in the summer, a kind of fair is held in this wood, near a well, discovered some centuries ago by a girl named Christina Piil. Originally, people visited the well from a superstitious veneration for the miraculous efficacy of its waters. That belief has long ago vanished; but the custom of visiting the wood seems to possess greater attractions than ever. Tents for the accommodation of all classes are pitched on a longitudinal grass-plot. On an adjacent eminence a great number of booths are erected. Here wild beasts from all parts of the globe, horsemanship, rope-dancing, sleight of hand, wax-works, and even foreign dramas are exhibited.

On St. John's Eve, and two or three more nights during the *well-season*, the gates of Copenhagen are left open, that the inhabitants may enjoy the benefits of the well, and the pleasures of the park, to their heart's content.

It is not to be wondered at that the inhabitants of a country, where summer comes late and soon disappears, should be passionately fond of rural enjoyments. Hence another wood nearer the metropolis was some years ago thrown open to the public, and brought into

communication with Jægersborg Park. In this wood there are, however, no shows; but the tents, in which refreshments may be had, are allowed to remain during the whole of the summer.

Whether the change be for the better or for the worse, we feel strangely affected on re-visiting, after a lapse of many years, a favourite spot which has undergone a complete metamorphosis. What a contrast of gaiety did Charlottenlund now present, to the solitude, which was then seldom interrupted, in the Golden Grove, as the common people call the wood! Amidst all the blandishments of the present scene I found myself however alone, and a stranger, being as it were a man of other days. What would I have given to have met a schoolfellow from St. Mary's Grammar School at Copenhagen, with whom I had been gathering wild strawberries and nuts in this wood!

Yet of that period the recollection did not come upon the mind with unmingled sensations, as I heard a group of musicians, dressed in sailors' jackets, striking up some national airs. On addressing these musical mariners, I was informed that they had belonged to a school of music which had been established in the navy during the war, but was broken up on the restoration of peace. The government had, it seems, allowed them to purchase the instruments used in the school at very

low prices, and they now contrived to pick up a livelihood in this grove by their musical talents. Among other pieces of Danish music, they executed the national air of 'King Christian' in a style of grandeur admirably harmonizing with the recollections of the scene of glory immediately before the eye, and where the moral feeling of our defenders was their best support in enduring the fatigues previous to the battle off Copenhagen, and in braving the dangers of that obstinate fight.

In illustration of this, I must quote the authority of the present Governor-General of the Danish West India Islands, Mr. Bardenfleth, who served as a lieutenant of the navy in the battle off Copenhagen. He gives the following account of the Danish line of defence, page 5. of his military description of the battle :—

“ Unfavourable weather had prevented the Danish ships of defence from taking their positions, till within a few days of the arrival of the English. And even during this short interval, some of the crews had to labour incessantly to place their ships in a proper state of defence. Add to this, that the few moments which could be spared from labour were necessarily occupied in drilling the men, who were wholly unpractised. On the arrival of the English fleet, therefore, our men were much exhausted ; and it will be readily imagined, that they could have but little rest during the subsequent

days which we passed in sight of the enemy, when the passive situation of blockships, in the presence of an active enemy, is taken into consideration. Only the excellent disposition which pervaded our men could inspire the fortitude requisite for enduring such fatigues."

It may also be proper to notice here a singular fact. Some days before the battle on the 2d of April 1801, a very popular actor, of the name of Knudsen, who was a good singer, went on board the different vessels of the Danish line, singing and distributing among the crews the naval songs of Evald and other poets. As it cannot be doubted that this would in a great measure contribute to kindle a high feeling of enthusiasm among men who found themselves opposed to an enemy led by Nelson, the reader will not be displeased to find here, from the pen of an elegant English poet, another version of the national song by Evald, which was introduced in the first part of this work.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the high mast

Mid smoke and spray ;

His fierce artillery flash'd so fast,

That Swedish wrecks were round him cast,

And lost each hostile stern and mast,

Mid smoke and spray.

Fly, Sweden, fly ! nor hope to win

Where Christian dauntless mingles in

The fray !

NILS YULE beheld the tempest grow ;

“ The day is right !”

Aloft he bade the red flag glow,

And shot for shot he dealt the foe.

They shout, while fiercest perils grow,

“ The day is right !”

Fly, Swedes, in safest refuge hide !

What arm shall stand 'gainst Denmark's pride

In fight !

O North Sea, VESSEL's thunders light

Thy murky sky !

His foemen shrink with strange affright,

For death and terror round him fight :

Sad Gothland hears the bolts that light

Thy murky sky.

He gleams proud Denmark's shaft of war :

The foe must own his brighter star ;

They fly !

Thou road for Danes to power and praise,

Dark—heaving wave !

Receive my friend, by valour's rays

Led through thy wild and boisterous ways !

Guide the bold Youth to power and praise,

Dark—heaving wave !

And free thro' storm and tempest, thro'

Dangers and glory waft him to

His grave !

EVALD'S HILL.

BEFORE I leave the North-Eastern coast of Zealand, let me recommend every traveller to go upon a pilgrimage to Evald's Hill, at Rungsted. It may easily be done by turning a mile out of the high road from Hirschholm; and if the traveller should be at Copenhagen, he will discover an additional motive for undertaking this excursion, in having an opportunity of enjoying the ride along the coast. All writers who have treated of Denmark, will add weight to my wish. In the present instance I will only refer to one English writer, who has said many handsome things of us and our country, and would have said many more, if instead of eating turkey and drinking Tokay in our cottages,* he had mixed with the inhabitants of those humble abodes, and on occasion perhaps put up with such fare

* The late Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Coxe, being unable to accept of an invitation to dinner from General Classen, in Zealand, they left his seat at Frederiksværk; but proceeding on their journey, were invited into a cottage by the road-side, where they found a table covered with turkey, Tokay, &c., *brought thither from the General's seat.*

as they might afford. "The sea-views in the Island of Zealand," says Mr. Archdeacon Coxe, "are uncommonly enchanting, and the villas and country-seats delightfully situated on the shores of the Sound."

The traveller will find frequent occasion to verify Mr. Coxe's sentiments. After passing Charlottenlund, the road makes a sudden turn at Emilia's fountain, whence a fine peep is caught of the little bay of Bellevue. At times, the Caledonia, a steam-boat, which formerly plied in the Clyde, forms an interesting additional feature in the view, inasmuch as this vessel has been the means of facilitating an intercourse, not only with nearer, but with more distant parts of the country, which, but for this mode of conveyance, might have remained impervious to the most laudable species of curiosity—that of extending our knowledge of the land in which we live. The road at times runs close by the beach, which is studded at short distances with lively fishing villages; at other times it winds through luxuriant corn-fields, and across wooded hills, interspersed with many an elegant mansion, substantial farm, or pretty cottage. On arriving at Evald's Hill, the traveller will acknowledge that the prospect is as interesting to the mind's eye, as it is pleasant to the outward sense. To the right and left the fertile shores of Zealand, bounded at the extremities by the city of Copenhagen and the town of Elsinore, with the mag-

nificent castle of Cronborg, stretch forth in the segment of a circle, embracing, as it were, the memorable isle of Tycho Brahe, which lies opposite to Evald's Hill, while the marine views exhibit ever-varying scenes of animation.

To the pious and philosophic mind of Evald, the residence at Rungsted must have been peculiarly beneficial. His noble Ode, entitled "The Happiness of Rungsted," which, with some others of his best works, he composed here, shows with what fervour and intensity of feeling he rose up from a contemplation of the works of nature, into an adoration of Nature's God. The sight of Tycho's Isle would, in moments of mental and bodily suffering, suggest comparisons, which might reconcile him to an untoward fate,—which he shared in common with one of the most illustrious of his countrymen, whose sufferings were of a still more aggravated nature. And, as he surveyed the watery expanse before him, with the thousands of vessels of all nations moving to and fro, many an image connected with the true happiness and glory of his country would arise to Evald's mind, and to which his powerful genius gave an interest which will be found deeply impressed on the hearts of his countrymen. It is not too much to assert, that the popular strains of this high-spirited Poet have had a decided influence on many a display of patriotic devotion, and on no occasion more signally than in '*the Battle of the Baltic*.'

Thus the merits of the Danish Bard, with reference to one branch of his poetry, and to the circumstances of his life, may be aptly delineated in the words of the Great Naval Poet of Britain :—

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings ;
Let high Philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, Thistle, Harp ; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.*

* Ode to the Memory of Burns, by T. Campbell.

Feldborg, Andreas Andersen,

Denmark delineated, or, Sketches of the present state of that country
illustrated with portraits, views, and other engravings from drawngs by
eminent Danish artists

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